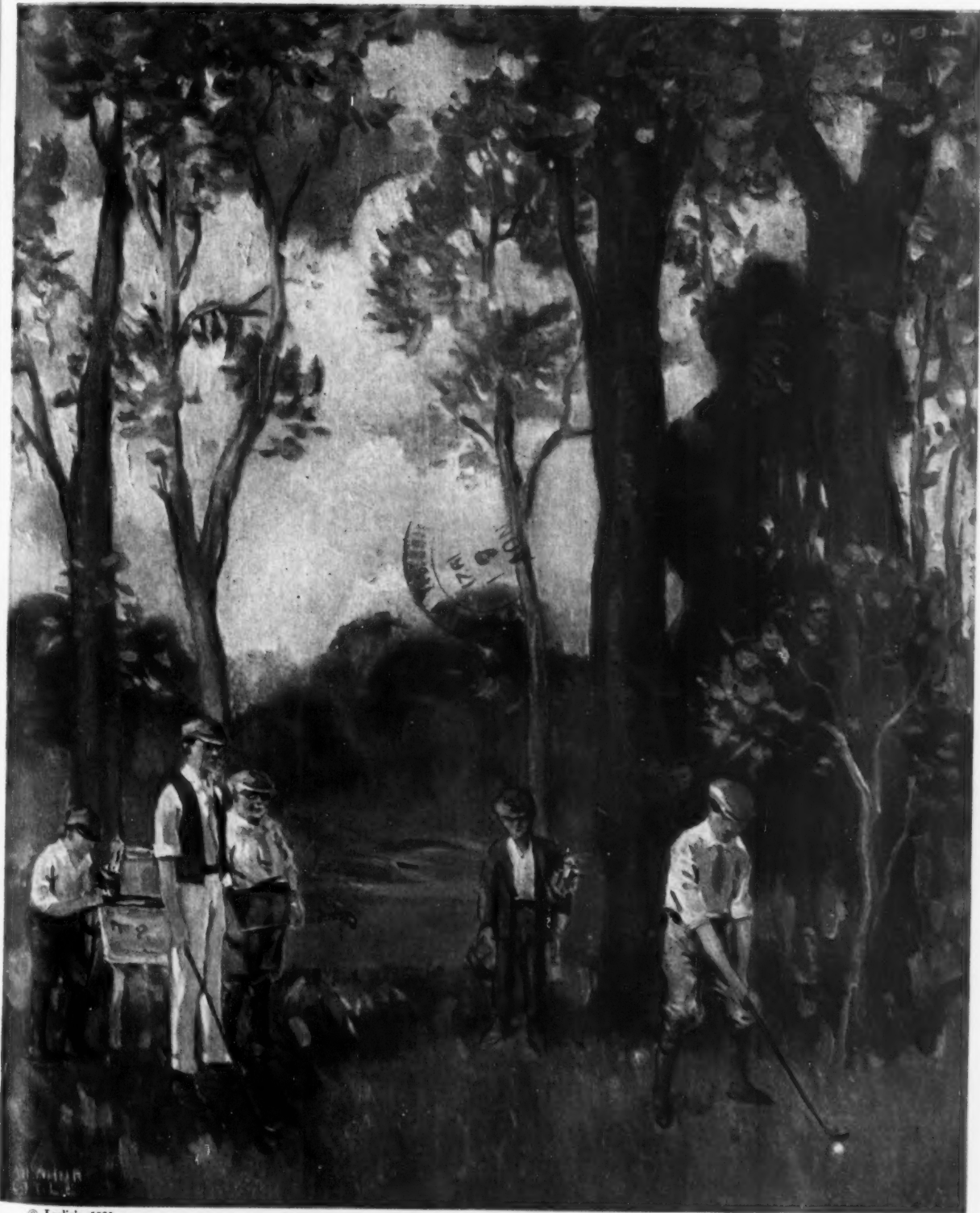


Leslie's Weekly

NOVEMBER 5, 1921

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Heywood Broun

COMMENCING with the issue of November 5th, Heywood Broun, feature writer of the *New York World*, will review the movie productions as a regular feature of JUDGE. This means that the readers of JUDGE will have the latest word of the movie world told only as Heywood Broun can tell it. Stop at your pet news stand, get your copy, then "Judge for yourself."

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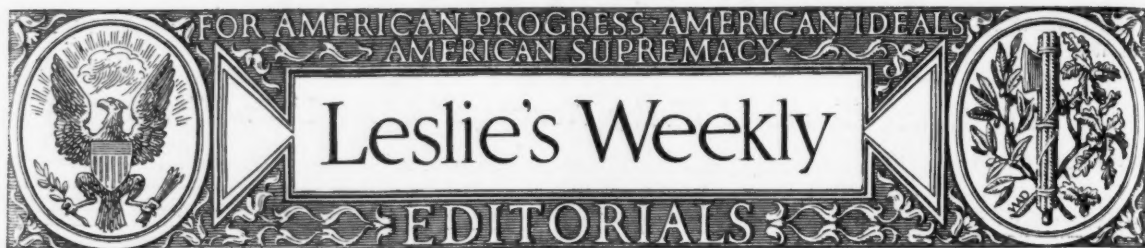
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DRAWN FOR LESLIE'S BY CLIVE WEED

The Victors' Nightmare

Germany—"You made me what I am to-day, I hope you're satisfied."



Indefensible

IF THIS country is too poor to pay its millions of former service men a bonus, then it is too poor to continue the payment of war-time wages to its millions of railroad workers. The entire logic of events supports the basic justice of the present 12 per cent. cut in their pay.

In consequence, however, a nation-wide railroad strike has been called. By the time this appears in print it may have been averted. We sincerely hope so. But the threat in all its ugliness has been issued and will continue to rankle in the minds of those who resent for their country even an attempt at a hold-up.

The American Legion did not order its members to surround the Treasury and help themselves when the bonus was denied them. Yet that would have been comparable to the action now taken by the railroad unions. They point to the provocative attitude of the railroad executives, but nothing can condone their willingness to wreck the country to serve their own selfish ends.

To adapt a phrase which Mr. Harding has made famous, "It must not be again—it must not be again! God grant that it shall not be."

Getting Little Pigs to Market

ASHEEP raiser recently shipped 12,000 sheep to Chicago where they netted him thirty-two cents each. Later, at a stock yards restaurant, he ordered mutton chops and found that he had eaten up the profit on four sheep!

Potato growers in eastern Montana, shipping to St. Louis, received \$1.25 for their product, but their net profit was eleven cents, the rest being eaten up in freight rates and other charges. Wheat at Spokane sells for thirty-eight cents less a bushel than it does in Minneapolis, yet wheat bran costs \$36 a ton in Spokane and only \$16 a ton in Minneapolis. A farmer in Wyoming must sell six bushels of his own oats to purchase five pounds of oatmeal.

In some of the fancy pear-growing neighborhoods of the Northwest the crop this year is excellent. You will see acres of trees beautifully kept, hundreds of boxes of fancy pears of exactly the kind that the consumer pays ten or fifteen cents apiece for at some New York fruiterer's, and you think that the pear growers must be getting rich. But out of the \$2.60 which the grower receives for his box of pears he must pay, perhaps, \$2 to get his product to New York.

In dozens of Western neighborhoods where alfalfa hay sold for as much as \$42 a ton a few years ago, it now goes begging at \$5 or less, and the farmers cannot afford to haul it to town. The remedy in this latter case is often that of building up of a dairy herd to turn the hay into the more compact and easily shipped form of butter fat, but the conditions outlined above

are more or less typical throughout the West. The task of cutting down, somehow, the outlandish "spread" between producer and consumer, is one of the most obvious problems confronting the country.

Age and Mr. Shaw

MR. SHAW always has had the gift of taking the "wrong" side of a question and saying something quite unanswerable about it. That was part of his charm—to say that black was white and "prove" it.

We are the more concerned, therefore, at what seems a slip in his erstwhile sureness in his monumental new piece, "Back to Methuselah." His essential idea in this play is that man, by giving thought to it, can increase his age. And he looks forward to a time when men, by "creative evolution" (evolution, that is to say, in which man's will has a part) will learn how to live for centuries, getting wiser and more spiritual all the time, and starting out with an inherited equipment in infancy as much beyond that of the present human baby as the baby is beyond the tadpole or clam.

Well, why not? If the scheme is realizable, it might as well be begun at once, and if anyone were capable of starting it, it ought to be Mr. Shaw, who disdains the flesh and has about ten times the intellectual vitality of the average man. And yet, although not advanced in years, Mr. Shaw asserts in his preface that his "sands are running out" and that people will now find him garrulous who couldn't endure his brilliancy a decade ago.

This modesty may suggest that Mr. Shaw is acquiring humility with years, but from the point of view of dialectics, in which G. B. S. was always about six jumps ahead of the ordinary mind, it seems a slip in tactics, to say the least.

The Unknown Soldier

THE name his father gave him was burned away in the battle-fire. We are christening him anew from the font of immortality. He who fell in the dark valley is borne through the portals of his home amid the weeping of many mothers, the saluting of comrades, the booming of cannon—beloved because he was lost, renowned because he is unknown.

His unwritten story is now a deathless legend. President and pickaninny, ambassadors and famed heroes, bend above his grave in kindred gratitude. He may have been the darling of genius. He may have been the humblest of toilers. But however he may have lived, he died as an American, and he died well.

* * *

THE Hairdressers' Association, in convention assembled, has decreed that women's ears be shown again. Hiding the ears, while revealing about everything else, always struck us as being illogical.



"There is no stone wall along the Canadian border and the enforcement officers are not standing elbow to elbow to guard against the inflow of liquor from our northern neighbor. And my! How the liquor rolls in!"

LIQUOR SEEKS ITS OWN LEVEL

The Bootleg Flood over the Canadian Border Proves It

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Illustrated by RAE BURN VAN BUREN

AS LONG as there is a wet province in Canada or a wet state in Mexico there will be at least wet spots in the United States of America. You can build stone walls from coast to coast along each border and man those walls with an army of prohibition enforcement agents standing elbow to elbow, but if there is liquor on one side of that wall it is only a question of time—and a short time at that—until part of that liquor will be on the other side of that wall.

At one time I had much to do with sea-faring men—chiefly old skippers and mates. I clearly recall their testimony to the effect that there was no way of locking up or guarding alcohol on a ship that could prevent the crew getting to it. The late Morgan Robertson, the famous writer of sea tales and himself a sailor, once wrote a story with that impossibility as its basis and in talking of it with me said that he was willing to bet his life that no skipper could make a trip around the Horn and keep intact even a pint of liquid containing alcohol aboard his ship. In support of this contention a navy officer recently declared that no safe was ever built which could hold liquor aboard a ship at sea. If it's there some man aboard will get it somehow.

There is no stone wall along the Canadian border and the enforcement officers are not standing elbow to elbow to guard against the inflow of liquor from our northern neighbor. And my! How the liquor rolls in! The Canadian border to-day is practically obliterated by the tracks of the bootleggers—which are for the most part wheel tracks—and the effort to stop the traffic is an expense. That's all it is. Just an expense. Liquor in the United States might be a little more plentiful and a wee bit cheaper if the attempt to stop the traffic across the Canadian border were given up. This is personal opinion, of course, but I don't think it would be much more plentiful nor that the price would drop a dollar a quart.

And now I must tell a story of meetings with bootleggers in Canada that makes me tremble for the fate of whatever reputation for veracity I may possess. It doesn't sound true. I could think up a hundred yarns that would be more plausible. However, I pledge my professional word for all it's worth that this happened:

I started out early one morning in Montreal looking for material for a bootleg story. The going was tough. Every-

one said that liquor was being run across the border from the Province of Quebec in large quantities, but that is about all any one would say. Lots of men said they knew bootleggers who were making big money, but naturally they couldn't introduce me to any of the gentry and have me expose their business. The one thing I did manage to get clear in my mind was that Canadians are not in the least interested in stopping booze from going into the United States. Officials, of course, are not to be quoted to that effect, but if smiles speak true and a shrug of the shoulder is correctly translated, most of them subscribe to the sentiment expressed by a Canadian in Montreal as follows: "We are not interested in protecting the morals of another country."

But I could not get anything definite on the way the liquor was being brought across. I could not find any one who would put me in touch with a bootlegger who would talk. The Great Sin of the day, by the way, is for anyone, not a prohibition enforcement officer, to tell tales on a bootlegger. Otherwise honest judges and lawyers, bankers and business men, who tell all they know about any other form of lawbreaking, would not for the world inform on a bootlegger. That's

the main reason the illegal profession is so difficult to get at.

I tried all day and couldn't get at a real bootlegger or any one who would give me specific information about any specific one. I talked to men who I knew could put me in touch with a bootlegger if they wanted to; I winked and looked wise and tried my darnedest to put over the impression that I was to be trusted; that I was one of these birds who could be told things in confidence with perfect safety and that any secrets whispered into my ear would be drained through my typewriter in such discreet fashion that no official looking for evidence could read the result with anything but disgust at my adroit handling of the matter.

Nothing doing! I couldn't get a thing. At eight o'clock that night I returned to my hotel, tired and disgusted. For the first time in my life I had found myself unable to locate a bootlegger.

The hotel dining room was crowded, so I went out in search of a lunch room. As I started to cross the street a slim, blond young fellow stopped me.

"Could you give me a quarter to get something to eat?" he asked. "I'm up against it and I'm hungry."

I looked him over. His face needed a shave; his clothes needed pressing; his straw hat was dim with dust and his shoes had seen better days. But he was a clean-featured, likable looking boy with nice blue eyes and an appealing smile. Also, he sounded like an American.

"You're an American, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Come on with me. I'm going to eat. I'll stake you to a feed anyhow."

We went into a lunch room and ordered.

"What's the matter, kid?" I asked when the waiter left.

"I had the promise of a job up here," he said. "I spent all I had to get here from Syracuse, N. Y., and then the fellow I was going to work for went back on me and I'm stuck."

"What's your business?" I asked, casually.

"I'm a bootlegger."

Honest! That's exactly the way it happened!

"You're a what?" I exclaimed.

"I'm a bootlegger," he reiterated calmly, without lowering his voice or using any emphasis. It was just as though he were telling me that he was a plumber's apprentice or a shoe clerk. "I've been running booze down to the States from here for two years, but I had some hard luck lately and got cleaned out. I lost my car and all my money. I came up to drive booze across on salary for a fellow who lives here in Montreal, but he went back on me and I'm down and out."

"Son, I'm a reporter," I told him. "I've been looking for a bootlegger all day long. Will you talk?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "What do you want me to talk about?"

"About bootlegging. Tell me about it and about yourself and I'll stake you to a little piece of change to tide you over."

"Sure," he agreed.

The story in which he figured had to do with two bootleggers who were shot at by

revenue men near the Canadian border. It was this bit of misfortune that had put him down and out. He had lost his car loaded with booze and had been fined \$1,000. This—in addition to lawyer's fees—had cleaned him out.

We finished dinner and went to my room. This is his story of the game and himself about as he gave it to me:

"I had just graduated from high school in an up-state (New York) city when I met a friend who was running booze in a suitcase. I came up to Montreal with him on a trip just for the fun of the thing. It took us two days to come and go and he made over \$100 on the trip. Gee! \$100 was big money to me then. I had a chance to go in a bank down home, but I couldn't have got over \$15 or \$20 a week or something like that, and I felt like what was the use when I could make \$100 in a couple of days just riding up and down on trains and having a good time. So I got a suit case and started running it myself."

"How did you get it across?"

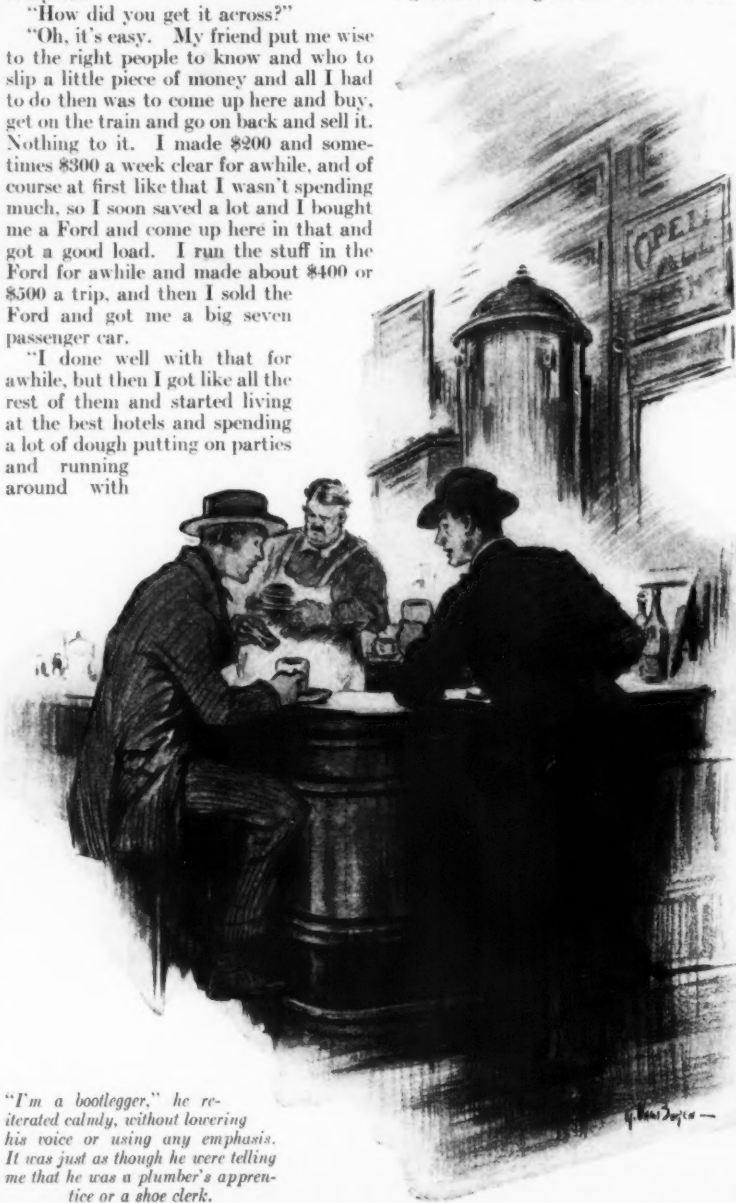
"Oh, it's easy. My friend put me wise to the right people to know and who to slip a little piece of money and all I had to do then was to come up here and buy, get on the train and go on back and sell it. Nothing to it. I made \$200 and sometimes \$300 a week clear for awhile, and of course at first like that I wasn't spending much, so I soon saved a lot and I bought me a Ford and come up here in that and got a good load. I run the stuff in the Ford for awhile and made about \$400 or \$500 a trip, and then I sold the Ford and got me a big seven passenger car."

"I done well with that for awhile, but then I got like all the rest of them and started living at the best hotels and spending a lot of dough putting on parties and running around with

girls and all like that. You can't beat the game, you know; not playing it small like that, you can't. The only birds who get real dough are the big fellows who don't run it themselves but have lots of guys working for them.

"So I got caught one night just over the border. I didn't get caught myself, but I lost my car and all the booze in it. We were just over the border when a big car with a lot of men in it passed us on the road and just after it got ahead of us I heard the emergency brakes go on and I knew we were pinched. We had to stop, of course, because the car ahead was blocking the road, so we stopped and I seen all these men with guns piling out of the car, so me and the guy with me, we jumped and run for it. They shot at us some but they didn't hit either of us. We got in the brush and got away all right, but we lost the car and all the booze."

"That put a bad crimp in me, but then I got another big car and it took about all



"I'm a bootlegger," he reiterated calmly, without lowering his voice or using any emphasis. It was just as though he were telling me that he was a plumber's apprentice or a shoe clerk.

I had left to pay for it. I'd been spending such a lot, you see, and living high and all that. It's a bad game. Sometimes I think it's like they tell you about—how the stuff does people a lot of harm and folks like me that brings it to them just has hard luck all the while, and can't keep the money they make. Do you suppose that's how it is?"

"I don't know, son," I assured him. "That's too deep for me."

"I sometimes think that's how it is," he said, wistfully. "Sometimes I feel like I wish I'd gone into the bank and hadn't got into this bootlegging. I've made a lot of money, but I haven't got any of it. Well, anyhow, I got the big car and brought it up here to Montreal and traded it in for a Ford Sedan loaded with booze. I started down with it and got caught again. They got shooting pretty close to me that time and I got scared and stopped running. I lost the Sedan and all the booze and then I got soaked. The fine and what I paid my lawyer cleaned me out and there I was with nothing. Gee! Many's the time I've spent a \$1,000 in a week on a big party in some hotel down in New York. You get the money easy and it don't seem like you can keep it. It's an easy way to make hard money, that's what it is. So there I was broke and I come up for this job and got tossed. That's how it was."

"How do you get it across the border?"

"Cinch. You learn the places and times where it's safe and of course you pay your bit, and then you drive across. I only got caught twice in two years, and if I hadn't of thrown my money away I'd be sitting on the world."

"Who do you pay the money to?"

The boy smiled and shrugged. "Hell!" he said. "It's the only business I know anything about. I've got to go on with it now. I can't tell you that. But gee!" he smiled again—"Use your imagination. Who do you suppose?"

I used my imagination. It was not difficult. You, Mr. or Mrs. Reader, can do the same.

Quebec is wet. Whiskey can be bought at the government liquor stores. It is in warehouses there. There is big money to be made in bringing it across the line. Use your imagination.

I gave the boy some money. Three nights later he came running into the hotel as I was leaving for my train.

"I'm all hooked up," he exclaimed. "Got a fellow who's going to buy the booze for me and give a car and pay me \$100 a trip for running it. Here's the money you gave me. I got a loan from this guy I'm going to work for."

"That wasn't a loan," I explained. "It was payment for information furnished."

"All right," he said. "I thought it was a loan and I didn't want you to think I'd run out on you."

I shook hands with him and got into my cab. I think I felt worse about the bootleg business just then than at any other time since prohibition was supposed to go into effect. He was such a decent boy, and he was so utterly ruined. I may be utterly perverse, but somehow I worry more about that clean-featured kid who was spoiled by the quick profits



"Perhaps I can help you out. I am one of the fraternity." "What do you mean?" I gasped. "I mean that I am a bootlegger."

from illegal sales than I ever have been about the joyous rascals who pay him the big money for the stuff he brings across the lines.

I went from Quebec on up into Ontario, which is to-day bone dry. Up to last July Ontario had a law which permitted any resident to have shipped in any liquor which said resident desired for his own personal use. In 1920 I was at Windsor, Ont., just opposite Detroit. The Detroit River separates the two cities. A Detroit newspaperman at that time had just finished an exhaustive study of the bootleg situation and had proved that within the year the bootleg booze that had come across the river from Windsor, Ont., had netted the bootleggers a profit of \$100,000,000. The traffic has not lessened since that time. Ontario is dry to-day. No liquor can be shipped into the Province. But for several months before the dry law went into effect the liquor shipments into the Province from Quebec are estimated to have been at from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per day. These shipments were not all for Ontario private cellars. Some of them were for shipment across the border to thirsty Americans. Also, the distilleries and breweries in Ontario are still working. The booze cannot be sold in Ontario. It is for export. You can use

your imagination in determining the amount that is shipped into the United States. If booze can't be guarded aboard a ship, how can it be guarded in Ontario and prevented from shipment across the line? As my bootlegger friend in Montreal said: "Use your imagination!"

Going on west in Canada one finds the prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta bone dry. There is not so much rum-running from these provinces because there one finds the same demand for bootleg liquor that exists in the States—and the same means of supply at about the same price. There was some liquor-running from Alberta down into Montana, but the cowboys near the line interfered with the game. They captured the liquor from the helpless runners and drank it where they got it. The bootleggers were not worried about the revenue or custom men at the line, but the cowboys riding the plains that they met before they reached the line rather gummed up the game for them.

Then one reaches British Columbia and wet territory once more. Booze can be had in British Columbia in the liquor commission stores, and, for export purposes, in any one of the many export liquor houses doing business there.

And now I come down to the second
(Concluded on page 636)



KEYSTONE

If one may judge from the evidence presented by this picture, David Lloyd George is better as a politician than as an equestrian. Having reached a bit of rough ground, the Duke of Atholl, his host, takes command of his steed to prevent trouble.

WHAT LLOYD GEORGE WANTS

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

IF MR. LLOYD GEORGE and M. Briand attend the disarmament conference at Washington in November—and both will be there unless unforeseen political events at home prevent—the United States will have the pleasure of welcoming at one and the same time two of the three men upon whom the future political course of Europe seems at the moment most to depend. They are interesting personalities, and the American public, so far as it is permitted to know from day to day what the conference says or does, will do well to follow their movements with close attention. Neither of these gentlemen, however, is going to America for a pleasure trip, or merely because he thinks that his government ought to be worthily represented. The game is vastly more important than that. Mr.

Lloyd George is going to Washington solely for the purpose of putting through, if it be possible, the crowning manoeuvre of his checkered career, and M. Briand is going for the sole purpose of defeating that manoeuvre if he can.

With characteristic indirection and unfrankness, Mr. Lloyd George has told just enough of what he has in mind to pique curiosity in three continents and arouse discussion, but without committing himself in terms to the vast implications of his scheme. In his speech in the House of Commons on August 18 he first told the House, in his familiar and good-natured way, how well Japan had behaved under the existing Anglo-Japanese alliance, how ungracious it would be accordingly to terminate the alliance now that the war was over, and what a "great event" it would be "if an

alliance with Japan could merge into a greater understanding with Japan and the United States of America in all the problems of the Pacific." Such an alliance, he went on to say, "would be a guarantee for the peace of the world," and he added, "I do not know a guarantee which would equal the United States of America and the British Empire in agreement upon the great principles upon which policy ought to be based." Mr. Lloyd George has a habit of disclosing his real thoughts in a somewhat incidental fashion, and of appearing to repeat himself when in fact he is saying something quite different; and the short passage in italics is the key to the great scheme which he hopes the conference at Washington will approve.

What are the facts? For more than two years, ever since the signature of

the Treaty of Versailles, Great Britain and France have been engaged in a mortal struggle for the control of policy in Europe and, through Europe, for the control of policy throughout the world. It is not necessary here to consider whether or not the policy of France has been wise or foolish, or whether the means which it has adopted to give effect to it have or have not been honorable or worthy. The main thing is first to understand the situation. France stands for the strictest possible enforcement of the Versailles treaty so far as Germany is concerned, for the virtual continuance of the war in the form of a continued economic and political repression of Germany, for the overthrow of the Soviet government of Russia and the conquest of that country, and for the creation of a line of buffer states which will prevent Russia and Germany from co-operating either politically or economically. For the enforcement of this policy it is maintaining at the present moment an army of over 600,000 men, and is furnishing equipment, munitions, and instruction for a Polish army of about the same number. It is the greatest military power in Europe to-day, and the greatest military power in the world, and for the purpose of continuing its military supremacy it burdens its people with an annual expenditure of some 8,000,000,000 francs.

Great Britain, whose army hardly exceeds in numbers that of Yugoslavia and is less at the moment than that of Greece and considerably smaller than that of Italy, but which for generations has always expected to have a determining voice in European councils, finds itself faced with a loss of influence in Europe which is not only galling to British pride, but which is also looked upon with grave apprehension as a menace to British influence in Egypt, in India, and in the east. To be sure, Mr. Lloyd George, in the same speech in which he urged an alliance with Japan and the United States, said some nice things about the loyalty of the British colonies and dominions apropos of the Imperial Conference which had just concluded its sessions, but he also admitted that the colonies and dominions must henceforth be consulted in matters of war and peace, and that England alone was not likely hereafter to be in sole control of imperial policy. What France believes, however, is that the British Empire is disintegrating. The French press, which is becoming increasingly outspoken regarding Anglo-French relations, has been pointing out since the Imperial Conference that the Egyptian delegation which has been conferring at London is likely to go home empty-handed, that the ferment in India continues in spite of the aid which India gave during the war, and that the Irish question is still open. The plain fact of the matter is, of course, that France with its huge military establishment has destroyed the balance of power in Europe whose maintenance has always been the

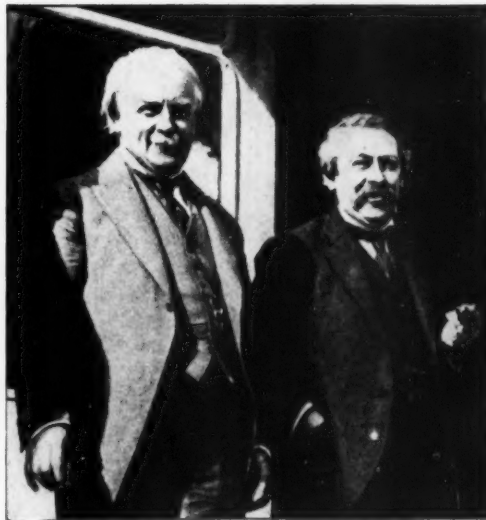
aim of British foreign policy, and that Great Britain must look elsewhere than to the Continent if its world supremacy is to be maintained.

This is the problem which Mr. Lloyd George has in mind, and very acutely in mind, when he talks about an alliance between Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. If, with the political situation in the Pacific as an argument, the three great naval powers of the world can be united in some kind of a working agreement for the maintenance of what it has become the fashion to call "peace," the loss of British influence in Europe will be offset by naval control not only in the Pacific, but throughout the world. The "agreement upon the

If naval supremacy makes possible the transport of troops, it may with equal ease prevent such transport, and the coasts of France or the port of Danzig can be as easily blockaded as were the Kiel canal or the entrances to the Baltic. It would not greatly strain the naval resources of a triple alliance such as Mr. Lloyd George has in mind to close the ports of France or bottle up the Mediterranean.

Naval superiority means also the control of commerce whenever occasion for such control arises. It proved comparatively easy during the war, because of the naval superiority of the Allies, to control commerce by sea throughout the world, to permit or prohibit importation or exportation, to convey or capture merchant vessels in every sea, and to ration the world in food and in many kinds of manufactured articles. The interdependence of the nations in matters of food, clothing, medicines, and manufactures of all kinds, not to mention munitions of war, has become a commonplace, but it is not always remembered that such interdependence in time of war is wholly at the mercy of the power or powers having the strongest navy, and that naval superiority may force even the strongest combatant or the most resourceful to distress if not to surrender. For precisely similar reasons any alliance which controlled the seas would control the cables and the mails, and could seriously interfere with, even if it could not wholly control, communication by wireless or by airship.

M. Briand's course, accordingly, is clear. He is no novice at the game of politics, and he knows Great Britain of old. He sees with perfect distinctness that with Great Britain, Japan, and the United States acting together under either a formal agreement or a general understanding, the hopes of France for a controlling voice in European affairs are certain to be considerably dampened. The political balance which France, by its military superiority, has for the moment destroyed would be replaced by an overwhelming outside control through superior naval strength, at the same time that two of the parties to that control would be powers which until very lately have not counted for much in continental politics. Debt adjustment, foreign loans, food supply, munitions, markets for French products—all these things, in peace as well as in war, may be subjected to detriment at the hands of three powers which, supreme on the sea, are working out that "agreement upon the great principles upon which policy ought to be based" for which Mr. Lloyd George is planning. There may be no continued restriction of German economic recovery, no line of buffer states to stem the bolshevist flood, no conquest of Russia to bring that nation once more into the European council chamber. M. Briand is bound (Concluded on page 645)



KEYSTONE

Lloyd George and Premier Briand. If there are two cleverer politicians in Europe they have yet to be discovered. During the Armament Conference it is probable that they will resist each other from the beginning.

great principles upon which policy ought to be based" should be easy when the nations which control the seas are united to bring it about. Mr. Lloyd George probably has very little idea that the United States will entertain any suggestion of a formal alliance. He has more than once discoursed about the elasticity of the British Empire, and elastic international agreements will suit equally well. All that is necessary is that there shall be a common general understanding. Control will follow as a matter of course. This is his program, and this is what he or his representatives will urge at Washington.

That such an alliance, whether formal or not, would seriously affect the position of France in Europe is clear enough to M. Briand. The war has taught many lessons about the possibilities which may flow from an assured control of the seas. The German navy was certainly more than respectable during the earlier part of the war, and the activity of German submarines was something profoundly to be feared. Yet, because of Allied naval supremacy extending to all parts of the world, it was found possible to transport large numbers of troops in safety over great distances, to blockade extensive coasts, and to destroy enemy commerce.



"One hand hung limply over the side of the bunk, still lightly clasping her rosary beads, which trailed to the ground. The moonlight moved like a pointing finger to a spot beneath the bunk."

A MATTER OF LUCK

By KATHERINE HARRINGTON

Illustrated by ROY WILLIAMS

"MARY—Mary—Mary," murmured the delirious man endlessly and, with a tortured face, Allan Murdock, who was Mary's husband, listened.

"Poor devil!" ran his thought as he administered quinine and sedatives with a shaky hand.

For the hundredth time he told himself that he had not a doubt of his comrade's loyalty, or of Mary's. It was just Iredale's luck, and rotten bad luck at that, to fall in love with a married woman. As to Mary, it was no wonder that Iredale loved her, with her beauty and charm and—youth. And here, at thought of the twelve years' difference in age between himself and his wife, Murdock's face became more tortured still.

With an effort he compelled himself to take advantage of this halt in the wall-less jungle hut to photograph some specimens which he could not hope to preserve long from the ants, seeing that the An-

diroba oil had been lost lately in passing some falls. After that he found he must attend to one of the Indians who had lost blood during successive nights, owing to the attacks of a blood-sucking bat. When at last he returned to the sick white man, he found him still repeating that endless litany:

"Mary—Mary—Mary—"

Again he forced Iredale to swallow some medicine and then, as if driven, left the hut once more. Outside, the Indians were salting fish and clouds of flies hovered and settled everywhere. A wave of nausea for the Amazon and everything connected with his work for the Society swept over Murdock. If only Iredale had not croaked up, necessitating this forced journey back, he might by now have achieved all the objects of the expedition and be genuinely on his return journey to Pará and—Mary.

That night when Murdock sought his hammock, suspended from the support-

ing posts of the hut, Iredale's voice was still and he lay in a deep slumber. The next morning on awakening, Murdock found that he was conscious.

"I say, Chief, how did I come here?" he greeted the elder man weakly.

"The expedition is over as far as you are concerned," answered Murdock. "You're on your way back to Pará."

"Nonsense, Chief, a little fever—"

"A little too much fever, old man. I've had you on my hands delirious for the last few days and—look at you now—shaking with ague. No, you'd better get back to Pará in a day or two, with the specimens and live things, and take the first boat home."

"And what about you?"

"Well, you know as well as I do that I'm bound to go on."

Iredale was silent and Murdock imagined him as brooding over his forced withdrawal. His next words, however, were of quite another matter.

"You say that I was delirious?" he asked and there was something tight and strained about his voice.

"Yes," answered Murdock, abruptly turning away to examine the caulking of a box containing a stuffed turtle.

"Did I—talk?"

There was a silence and fear showed in Iredale's eyes.

"What's that you say? Talk?" asked Murdock with an effort. "No, you couldn't call it talking. You muttered incoherently most of the time."

"Then I didn't say anything distinguishable?"

"No," answered Murdock, bending low over the box.

Intuition told Iredale that he was lying and thereafter he avoided Murdock's eyes as Murdock avoided his. For the next few days therefore, relations between the two men were tense and strained, though there was a surface heartiness that deceived neither. It was settled that Iredale was to take the collection, alive and dead, with him, leaving Murdock one canoe and a native hunter to form the nucleus of another expedition. On the morning that Iredale was to start, while the two men sat at breakfast in the hut, Murdock produced a small package.

"I'll get you to post this in Pará when you arrive," he said.

Iredale glanced incuriously at the package and saw that it was addressed to Murdock's wife.

"I'll take it by hand," he said.

"There's no need, thank you."

"Oh, I'll find time. Nazar is only a mile and a half out of my way."

"I don't wish you to go," said Murdock quietly.

There was no mistaking his meaning. Iredale went white but controlled himself with an effort.

"Look here, Chief," he said, "Mary will want to hear all about the expedition and how I left you. She—she'll think it extraordinary if I don't—"

"I tell you I don't want you to go!" blazed Murdock suddenly.

The two men rose and faced each other, quivering. In another instant they would

undoubtedly have fallen upon each other in the manner of primitive men, had not an Indian run in to say that a coral snake had been captured near the hut. Iredale's passion dropped from him.

"I say, Chief, that's just what you were wanting," he said with awkward conciliation.

Murdock pulled himself together and left the hut, Iredale following, to where a handsome snake, gaudily marked with black, red and yellow bands, was writhing, its head pinned to the ground in the fork of a stick.

"It's a female," said Murdock.

Since he was experimenting with a serum which, he hoped, was to provide immunity from death by snake bite, he propped open the creature's jaws and ex-

tracted the venom from its poison bags.

"This 'feller' is a female, I tell you," remarked Murdock with unaccountable irritation. "However," he added, turning away with a shrug, "if you like to take the risk—"

"Nonsense, the thing is no more deadly than a jararaca. And, anyway, seeing that you've extracted its venom and that it will travel in a padlocked zinc box, I don't see what risk there will be. Unless you expect it to get through the air-holes in the box," he added jocularly.

Murdock made a gesture which might have implied consent. It might equally have disclaimed all responsibility in the matter. Since Iredale could not see his face, he chose to deduce acquiescence.

A little later the two men stood upon the bank of the river to say good-bye. Now that the last moment had come Iredale was awkward and self-conscious, Murdock moody.

"I've stowed those two deadly serpents under the seat of my canoe," said the younger man by way of breaking the uncomfortable silence.

"That's right. Don't let them out of your sight until you get on board ship. Then stow them under your bunk and keep the cabin locked. It'll be too late to be sorry after some curious person gets monkeying with the boxes."

"You can depend on me, Chief."

"Then good-bye."

Iredale irrelevantly noticed that Murdock's eyes were bloodshot.

"Look here, Chief," he said impulsively, "you and I have been through too much together for you to doubt my loyalty as regards Mary. I—I—oh, well, if you don't know, I can't tell you," he finished up lamely and scrambled into the canoe.

"Good-bye, old man, and good hunting!" he called

as the boat shot out into the stream. But Murdock had already turned away.

II

A few days after Iredale, staving off delirium by a gigantic effort of will, arrived at Pará, Murdock also arrived.

(Concluded on page 645)



"This 'feller' is a female, I tell you," remarked Murdock with unaccountable irritation

THE GREATEST FIRE ON EARTH

*Lighted in a Mine Strike, It Is Still Burning After Thirty Years,
Permanently Destroying a Rich Countryside*

By HARRY A. MOUNT

IF, AFTER the Mingo mine "war" there still remains a man who is not thoroughly convinced of the utter folly and futility of such industrial struggles, I should like to take him to a certain country of ruin and tragedy and desolation. I should like to take him to the top of the highest hill in this country and show him a land rich with the gifts of nature, poor by the folly of men.

Beneath are rich deposits of coal—perhaps the very richest in all the world. There is oil, too, and there are clays valuable to industry. There are woods and streams and fertile valleys. It is a land which should support a large and prosperous population.

But as far as the eye can reach on every side are spots, brick-red or lime-white, which are desolate of vegetation. Barren spots, totaling hundreds of acres, are bordered by a thousand miniature volcanoes that spout black smoke and steam that dim the whole view. I should like to show this skeptic the greatest fire on earth, set by the hand of hatred during a strike some thirty years ago. It has spread by this time over nearly thirty-six square miles of territory, has consumed over 16,000,000 tons of coal, and having got beyond human control, will just as surely destroy many times 16,000,000 tons more in its path. And that is just a beginning of the damage it has done.

We should not have to travel far to this land of tragedy—not beyond the borders of the United States—indeed no further than the low hills of southern Ohio; scarcely sixty miles from the city of Columbus. It seems inconceivable that so great a catastrophe could occur in such a spot without attracting wide attention. But this has been a sort of progressive catastrophe, beginning with a fire in a single mine that should have been easily put out. The fire has ceased to be even a topic of conversation among the inhabitants except as it breaks out oc-



A hillside crater, of which there are thousands in the fire country. They are caused by rain seeping through the earth cracks to the burning coal. Steam is generated, an explosion ensues, and fire and smoke are shot into the air for weeks after. This one had died down sufficiently to enable the photographer to take a picture of it, although the ground where he stood was scorching hot.

asionally with renewed fury or as a road or a house tumbles in. The fire country, which lies between the towns of Shawnee and New Straitsville, is reached from Columbus by a railroad that takes six hours to make the sixty miles, and there is seldom occasion for travel either to or from that district. And so, while the whole subject of the folly of sabotage was being dramatized on a tremendous-

ly impressive scale in these Ohio hills, the public has known little or nothing of it.

There is no doubt that the catastrophe is the direct result of a labor war very like the Mingo strike. The fire started during what is still recalled as the "big strike of '84." That strike involved the whole Hocking Valley district, which is the richest bituminous coal district in this country. The miners were striking for higher wages. They were idle for a year and a very bitter feeling grew between the miners and operators. Finally hundreds of guards were imported to protect the mine properties and it was rumored that strike breakers were to follow.

The fight centered in the district between Shawnee and New Straitsville, between which lay the cream of the Hocking Valley deposits. The coal vein here is from nine to fifteen feet thick, and is almost entirely free from shale or other foreign deposits, producing coal of the finest grade. Six large corporations and numerous smaller ones were operating in this district.

One morning smoke curled from the mouth of one of the largest mines. A string of mine cars just inside the entrance had been soaked with grease and oil during the night and set on fire. Some of the miners next day wore knowing grins at the success of the coup. Angry mine officials decided they'd "let her burn." State mine officials did not interfere and when sober-minded men on both sides finally awakened to the danger the fire was beyond control and could not be put out.

The writer has interviewed three men who attest to these facts. One was then an operator in that district who was near the spot when the mine was fired; another is a miner who says he knows who lighted the match which started the fire burning; and the third is a miner who, it is whispered, actually was one of the party which slipped by the guards and



Smoking and steaming craters rim the hilltops as far as the eye can reach. Unfortunately, no photographs can by any means do justice to the tre-

mendous conflagration which, thus far, man has proved utterly unable to cope with. A fortune awaits the person who extinguishes the flames.



The whole crest of the hill opposite has been baked by the burning out of the coal vein under its crown. Only a few bushes are able to gain a foothold.

The fire was still burning under the hill from which this snapshot was taken, and within only a few feet of the photographer was a "fire crack."

fired the mine, and who says the mine was set on fire in the manner described. However, no arrests were ever made.

The miners finally went back to work at a greatly reduced wage, but they have gradually been forced to abandon the whole deposit until now all big operations have ceased and only here and there some lone miner scratches at the outcroppings of coal, retreating stubbornly before the fire.

It would seem to the layman at first thought that there must be some way to stop even so great a fire. But several private fortunes and much public money has been spent in attempts to put out the fire and not the slightest impression has been made on it. The very fact that the coal is in such a rich vein, together with the circumstance that it lies very near the surface, makes it impossible to halt the fire.

The usual method of fighting a mine fire is to shut off air from the flames and they are quickly smothered out. Here, however, when the thick vein of coal burns out the crust of earth above caves in. This opens deep fissures in the earth through which the fire gets a new air supply. In rainy weather water runs through these earth cracks to the fire, generating steam which at times blows large craters in the hillsides. These form natural chimneys for the fire from which flames sometimes shoot fifty feet into the air, lighting the countryside at night. The vio-

lence of these eruptions dies down in dry weather, although the fire beneath does not become less destructive.

In one of the earlier attempts to put out the fire, water was pumped into one of the mines continuously for three years with little or no effect. This is because the coal vein is not deep in the ground, but high on the hillsides, and the water either runs off or turns to steam before it reaches the fire. Two or three times the State has cut the coal vein with a deep, broad ditch to keep the fire from spreading to untouched deposits, and this has been effective, but tremendously

expensive. Once chemicals were tried without success. At this time the fire is so widespread that there is little or no hope that it can ever be controlled. As a matter of fact the State Mine Department now regards the entire vein as a total loss. The fire first burned from one large mine to another until these were all destroyed and then burned around the rims of the hills, following the outcropping of coal, where it could get air easiest. Then it began to eat back under the crowns of the hills at a slower rate. That is the state of the fire to-day. It will burn for another half century.

Before we leave Columbus on the final lap of a journey to see for ourselves the fire country, we are urged to search out J. M. Roan, former State Mine Inspector, a man who was born and raised at New Straitsville, who was there when the mines were set fire, and who has since been in close touch with the district officially and otherwise. We find him in a big office building just opposite the State Capitol Building. "Jack" Roan is a big man physically and as he greets us his voice rumbles convincingly. We know now what a friend meant when he said:

"I have seen Jack Roan stand up and talk to a bunch of angry miners like a Dutch Uncle. No one else would have dared to do it. They would have murdered him. But

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The sign on the telegraph pole warns travelers on the paved brick road between Shawnee and New Straitsville that the fire is burning beneath them, and that a cave-in may occur at any moment. The road is much used.



The three-year-old son of one of the miners was caught playing "burning mine." He had constructed a miniature mine entrance, with a soap-box for a mine car. Smoke that came through a ground crack from the burning coal beneath him furnished a fine touch of realism.

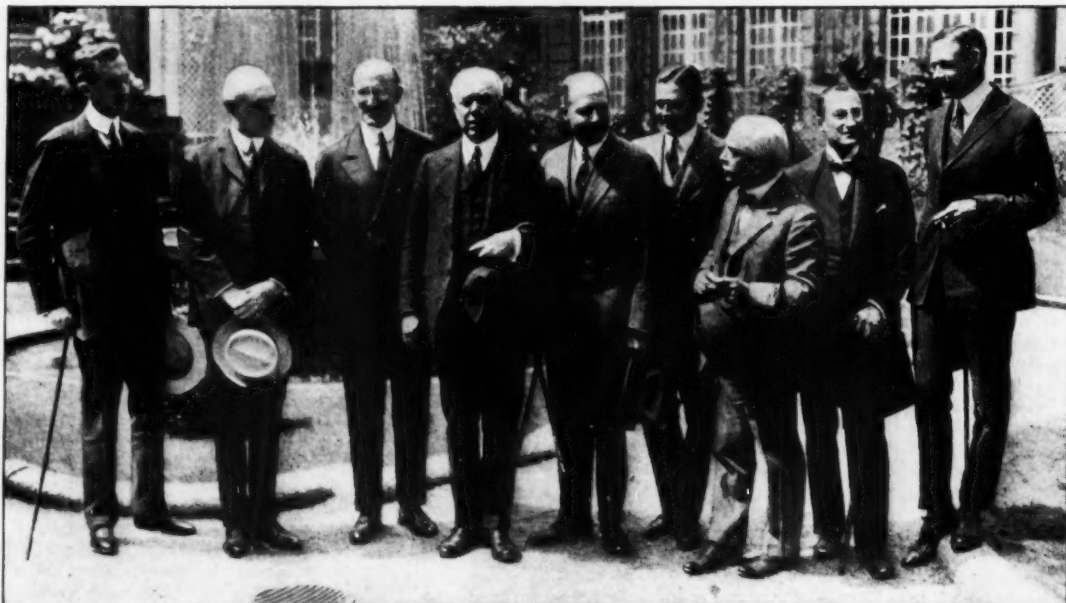


This photograph of a "wagon mine" in the fire country shows in a remarkable way the richness of the coal deposit. At this point the vein is over ten feet in thickness, extending well above the heads of the men. At the left only about three feet of soil conceal the coal.

THE BOGIE OF THE GERMAN MARK

By JOHN H. FAHEY

Former President United States Chamber of Commerce



KEYSTONE

Mr. Fahey (second from left) in a group of prominent American men of affairs who recently toured Germany in order to find out exactly what conditions are there.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Fahey has returned very recently from a visit to the leading cities of Europe as chairman of a delegation representing chambers of commerce in the United States. The views he imparts in the following article are based, therefore, on first-hand observation as well as on his own experience as a manufacturer and his broad knowledge of business history. The reader will find it interesting to compare them with those expressed by Mr. John Lathrop in the article, "We Must Disarm in Self-defense," printed in *LESLIE'S*, issue of September 24.)

THE picture of a rehabilitated Germany, more highly organized than ever, more efficient than any other country, dominating the world's commerce and destroying most of the foreign trade of its competitors as a result of operating with a cheap paper mark, is a highly colored and somewhat distorted work of art.

The nightmare of ruthless German competition has appeared in all of the great manufacturing countries during the last year and especially during the last six months, but careful consideration of the facts concerning conditions in Germany has served in most cases to modify the fears of those alarmed by incidental developments.

It is true that because Germany has been paying wages in cheap paper currency and selling her manufactures abroad for more valuable money, she has been in a position in various directions to make lower prices than her competitors. It is to be borne in mind, however, that if the low price of the mark creates a demand for German goods and they move out of the country, the steadily increasing payments returned in dollars or other valuable currencies will bring up the value

of the mark. Automatically, therefore, as the exports increase and the mark rises the advantage so frequently emphasized is reduced.

There are many other elements which also have an influence on German manufacturing costs and German exports which need to be thought of as a part of the whole question for it is quite easy to exaggerate the possibilities of German competition. That competition naturally attracts undue attention right now since it is felt more keenly in a market where orders are scarce than in an active market where demand is good. The fact that just at present the world is doing business on such a restricted basis makes the German efforts to secure business more conspicuous.

For nearly five years Germany, which before the war was one of the greatest trading nations in the world, was shut off from all access to her customers. During this period her selling and banking organization throughout the world was practically destroyed. Her export transportation system, the great merchant marine by which she delivered goods everywhere with great advantage to herself, disappeared, and when at the end of the war Germany confronted the task of rebuilding her commerce, she faced very great difficulties. Her pre-war commerce was sustained and helped greatly by an enterprising banking system through which she was able to extend credits all over the world. At the end of the war she found it next to impossible to offer such credits. In all of the countries in which she formerly did business her great selling organization was not only disrupted but she found strong antipathies and prejudices.

Under all these circumstances, it was clear that in order to get business there was but one appeal she could use to advantage—low prices—the same selling argument which was so largely an influence in the development of her pre-war trade. Under the extraordinary conditions existing, it was not sufficient for Germany merely to cut prices 10 per cent. It was necessary to make prices so much more attractive than those of her competitors that the bargains were eagerly taken.

Undoubtedly she has done this wherever it was imperative. It is noticeable that she has not cut prices on the products in which she excels and which were really needed by other countries. In the matter of imports into the United States, for example, German manufacturers have steadily increased their prices as the value of the mark has declined. They have kept in very close touch with the foreign markets and have constantly tried to make prices just a shade under the figures of their competitors. Many times they have lost business because they have attempted to keep too close when they might very well have made lower figures and still have counted handsome profits.

In making prices in various markets, German manufacturers have, from time to time, been under the same pressure as our own manufacturers during the last year—the necessity of selling frequently without any profit whatever or at a substantial loss in order to get money, or because of a drop in the value of raw materials. Germany in common with other European countries bought plenty of raw material from us at high prices

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DRAWN BY FRANK PAULUS, LESLIE'S STAFF ARTIST

When Our Unknown Hero Comes Home

ALL the nation will unite on Armistice Day in reverent tribute to its Unknown Dead of the World War. Business and pleasure throughout the land are to pause for two minutes on that day as the body of an unidentified American soldier who fell on the battlefields of France is buried in Arlington Cemetery near Washington. The

Olympia, Dewey's historic flagship at Manila, is bringing the body from France. It is due to arrive about sunset on November 9 in the Potomac off the Navy Yard, as pictured above. The body will lie in state under the great dome in the Capitol through the day and night of November 10. On Armistice Day, it will be carried to Arlington and laid to rest there.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE GORDON-BENNETT BALLOON RACE

By RALPH UPSON

Pilot of the Balloon Aero Club of America
and Captain of the American Team

ONE of the most fascinating things about a balloon race is the fact that it is such a good counterpart of human life. In its hopes and fears, its certainties and uncertainties, in the qualities demanded of a contestant, in the extent to which knowledge and skill are necessary and yet so often insignificant against the infinite permutations of nature; these are some of the things that make ballooning the finest sport in the world; for it is more than a mere game—almost it is life itself.

The winner is he who travels the furthest, measured in a straight line from the starting point. Curves and angles and variations of altitude are always means to an end, but they do not of themselves count in the final result.

The balloon (without motor) is simply a means of floating in the air. It must not be larger than a certain size, which permits carrying about 1,500 pounds reserve of sand ballast. This is the balloonist's capital, from which he must produce dividends in the form of miles. When his capital is gone or he can find no further way of using it to advantage, he must of necessity land.

At a dinner before the American National Race from Birmingham last spring, a local Salvation Army man made a short speech in which he quoted the familiar slogan, "A man may be down, but he's never out." A U. S. Navy pilot was next called on. He said that slogan might be all right for Salvation Army use, but in a balloon race when a man was down, he was down and out! Too late then to improve your plan of operation. The golden opportunities are gone, never to return.

This year's sporting classic of the air, the Gordon-Bennett Balloon Race is now past help; the cup has gone to Switzerland. But, as they say in the Weather Bureau, hindsight is always better than foresight, and I need make no apology here for indulging in some "hindsight" on this most interesting race. Indeed, we should learn more from this one failure than from all our successes in the past. Next year—there will be another race.

The start of this year was from Brussels on the evening of September 18. Fourteen balloons from seven different countries took part, altogether as fine a group of sportsmen as were ever gathered together. America had three balloons, each with a pilot and aide, Messrs. V. Hoffman and McKibben of St. Louis, Van Orman and Seiberling of Akron, while I had with me Mr. Andrus of the U. S. Weather Bu-

reau. We had brought from America a balloon which was considerably undersized, which fact happened to come to the attention of M. Demuyter, the Belgian holder of the cup and one of our most formidable competitors. With a splendid spirit of sportmanship he at once offered me his own reserve balloon, which he had been saving for a possible emergency. I accepted his offer with perfect confidence as to the condition of the balloon, which was amply proven in our subsequent adventures over the sea.

The wind before the start was terrific, but not without its humorous aspect. One of the foreign pilots had been presented with a large bouquet, which he was evidently quite proud of. Imagine now the grand get-away when the great silver colored balloon is released. There stands the pilot, resplendent in medals and gold braid, holding the great bouquet in his arm, bowing and smiling in all directions (but one). His aide stands beside him in the basket, saluting the crowd in the most impressive military manner. From below come frantic shouts of warning in several different languages. The balloon is swinging straight for a tree, but the occupants of the basket are



KADEL & HERBERT

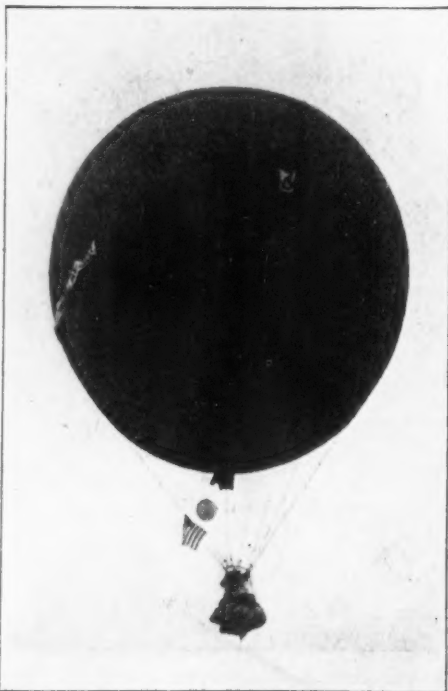
The man who won the great race: Captain Armbruster, of Switzerland. He was also a contestant in the 1913 race from Paris. It is related that just a few days before the race he broke his arm, but insisted on piloting his balloon.

entirely oblivious to the fact. To them the first intimation of it is when they crash into the branches. Luckily the balloon rights itself and goes on without serious injury, and the last seen of the crew is the bouquet and a pair of hands—some legs projecting over the top of the basket. One foreign pilot at least tended strictly to business, in fact went practically unnoticed—Captain Armbruster of Switzerland.

In the height of the gale Demuyter's balloon, which was especially light, nearly broke out of its net. As he finally left the ground one of the soldiers of the ground crew got foul of the anchor and was carried up into the air, hung by the top of his pants. Rather than stop, the pilot and aide hoisted him into the basket and made him one of the crew. The Akron balloon got twisted and wrinkled around the valve, so Pilot Van Orman climbed all the way to the top of the big swaying, rolling ball, sixty feet above the ground, and succeeded in straightening things out.

Our net was broken in two places, but we didn't have time to fuss with it. It is reassuring in a wind like that to know that the balloon gets more straining on the ground than it will ever get in the air.

And what a relief it was actually to be off! One final lunge, which nearly sent us into one of the other balloons, a vague idea that somewhere a band played The Star Spangled Banner, then absolute calm and quiet. No more wild shouting, creaking of ropes or whistling of



The Aero Club of America ascending from Brussels. Note the sounding balloon, not yet let up, and the flag, not yet lowered. The flag, when let down to a point below the basket, helped to hold the balloon straight by acting very much as does the tail of a kite.

wind. Although traveling at nearly forty miles an hour we were now part of the very air in which we moved, in a little world of our own, to be masters of our own destiny for perhaps two or three days.

Even as we went up a messenger was speeding toward the field with important papers. A new cyclone had been reported from Iceland destined to have a vital bearing on the course of the race; but too late—we were already on our way.

In the peaceful solitude of the upper air it was a temptation to relax and breathe in the enjoyment of it, but the wind currents had to be tested, ballast thrown, our speed and direction to be figured, our course on the maps plotted, and all equipment put in order—for here at the very start of the race we were headed directly for the North Sea, with darkness quickly coming on.

Our most important task at first was to find the altitude which would give us the best combination of speed and direction, in proportion to the ballast required to attain and hold it. The existing weather conditions caused a strong east wind on the ground which attained maximum speed at only a few hundred feet above the surface. As the altitude increased further the average speed decreased and the direction turned clockwise. We decided on a policy of getting well to the north or west, even at the expense of considerable speed. In fact we rather welcomed a reduction of speed, for if the wind held at all steady there would be no trouble getting to Ireland (and of course we could go no further in that direction). On the other hand should the wind turn sharply the next day we did not want to be so far west as to leave no room for maneuvering. The only contingency that this did not allow for was the absolute failure of the wind.

At an altitude of just about a mile we found a wind which best suited our purpose. From this height we saw Ostend ahead, and the shore line, at first seemingly part of the horizon but continually moving closer, fading in the distance behind. All material objects and sounds simply vanished. In the gathering darkness we could not even see the waves. The clouded sky above and the gray sea beneath blended indistinguishably together. But as it grew darker we could see little man-made lights crawling over the surface below, and soon several flashing lights ahead showed that we were nearing the English shore. The nearest of these light-houses we identified from our navigation chart, thus checking our position, which was very close to what we had figured by "dead reckoning." We crossed the mouth of the Thames within sight of Margate and finally reached land near Southend, about three hours after leaving the Belgian coast. It was the longest over-water trip I had ever made,

but as nothing compared to what we had ahead.

Over England we turned a little more to the west and headed toward London. Just at midnight Andrus woke me from a short sleep, and there below us was the big city itself, its thousands of lights spread out as far as we could see in almost every direction. Just to the south we could follow the windings of the little silver thread that was the Thames. Even supposing the lights to be extinguished it was difficult to imagine how a Zeppelin could ever have failed to find London.

After London we never picked up a single other city until toward morning we crossed the Severn River a little below Gloucester. Then as daylight came on, the mountains of Wales loomed up ahead, it was still cloudy, but here and there a peak would be illuminated by a stray

But a final speed reading as we crossed the coast line showed only about eleven miles per hour. We thought it must be a mistake, but soon decided otherwise, for the same coast was visible for nearly two hours. In another two hours we were thoroughly becalmed. At every altitude we could now reach the air was practically at a standstill, if it didn't actually go in the wrong direction.

At least the situation gave us plenty of time to figure out a plan of action, and here I will take it as an opportunity to tell of some of the instruments and methods on which our judgments were based. Our only important instruments were: an ordinary watch; a barograph (for indicating and recording the altitude); a "feeler" (for maintaining equilibrium); a "navigator" (for obtaining horizontal direction and speed); and a "sounder" (for investigating currents at other levels).

The last three of these instruments were entirely original as far as I know, and were a wonderful help in handling the balloon, simply because they made our knowledge of its movements more reliable and exact. The feeler enabled us to get results with a minimum expenditure of ballast and gas, by indicating promptly any forces affecting our equilibrium. This instrument will undoubtedly become standard equipment for airships as well as free balloons. With the navigator we could quickly figure our actual direction and speed whenever

we could see a stationary object below and knew our altitude above it.

The most important part of our sounding apparatus consisted of a small rubber balloon filled with hydrogen gas and let up on a string to a point 1,000 feet above the main balloon. Simple though it was in principle, it was made possible for the first time in this race owing to the discovery of a new type of "pilot-balloon," which held gas several hundred per cent. better than any we had tried before.

But after all this digression, you will be wondering what has happened to the balloon and its crew by this time; nothing—absolutely nothing has happened. It is still just where we left it, figuratively and literally hung in suspense over the Irish Sea. If you have ever been becalmed in a sailboat you know the feeling of wondering when you will get home. But you don't cuss and swear as you might when stuck in a mudhole with your car. Somehow or other it is different, though the result is the same. Now imagine us in the balloon wondering when and if we would ever get anywhere. But any feeling of anger or alarm was simply impossible. Actually, thanks to our "feeler," we still had plenty enough ballast for a whole day more if necessary.

Also we found by our sounder that there were little vagrant currents here and there

(Continued on page 644)



All ready for the start of the greatest of all air classics—the Gordon-Bennett balloon race of 1921. This year the "jumping-off place" was Brussels.

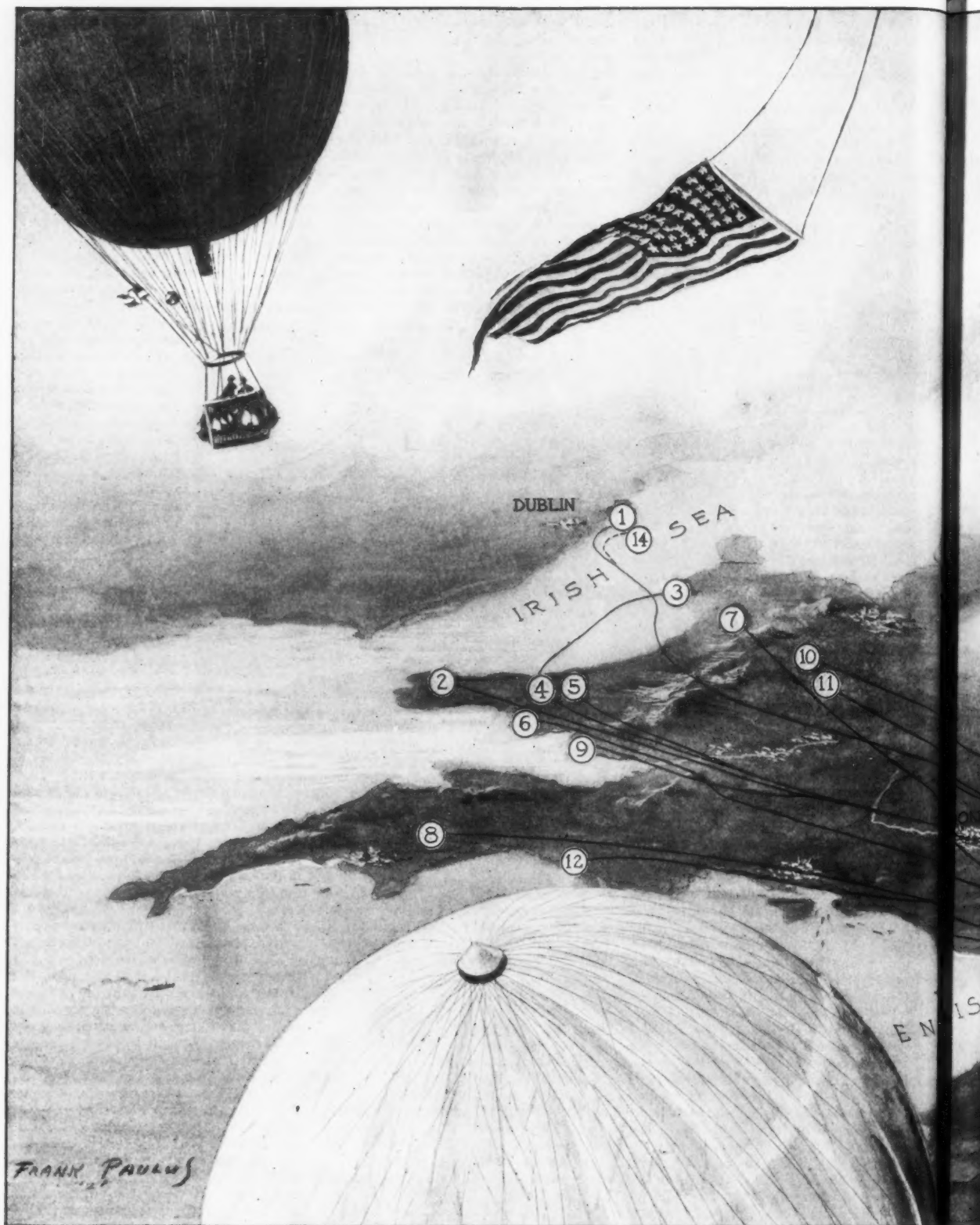
ray of sunlight. One particularly beautiful sight I shall never forget, a long mountain ridge, rather higher than the rest, lay to the northeast. Beyond it was a solid sea of low-lying clouds looking as smooth and white as drifted snow. This whole great cloud sheet was moving toward the crest of the ridge and spilling over the top like a huge cataract. But as it rolled in great billows down the side it simply vanished, evaporated into the air.

Later the sun tried its best to break through the upper clouds and draw us up above them, but we couldn't afford to lose any more speed so kept valving gas out in liberal enough quantities to stay down.

We approached the sea on the southeast of Cardigan Bay, and here it seems, without knowing it at the time, we passed directly over one of the other balloons which had landed rather than risk crossing. The pilot, whom I saw in London afterwards, said he felt sure we had seen him because with apparent bravado we had emptied a bag full of sand directly on top of him.

Our speed was somewhat reduced now, but still seemed considerable. Only an hour before we had been low enough over the mountains to see the trees swaying in the wind. Our direction had turned to about northwest, which would have brought us to Dublin within a few hours.

HOW THE BALLOONISTS RODE THE WIND THROUGH

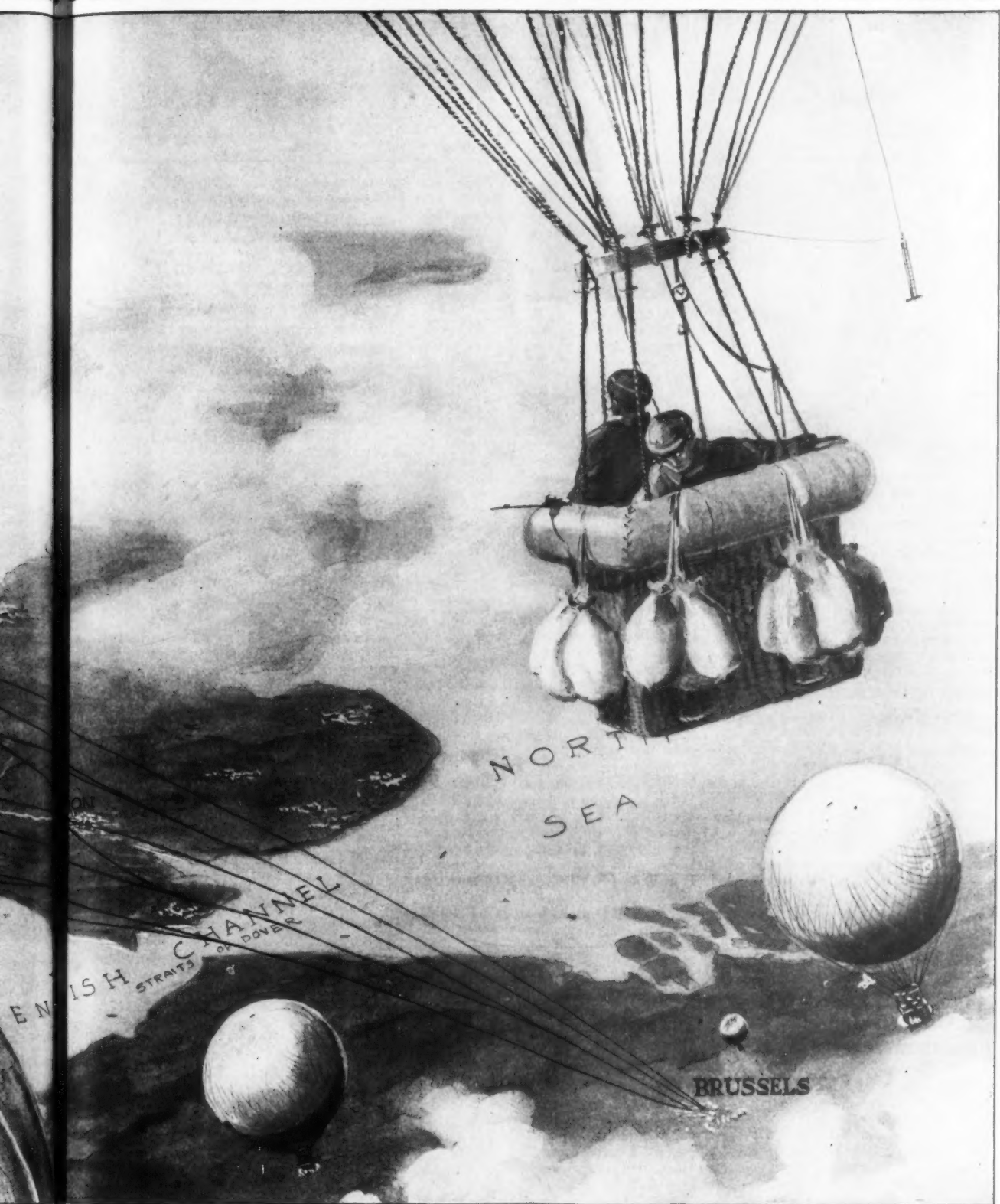


DRAWN BY FRANK PAULUS, LESLIE'S STAFF ARTIST

FAMOUS balloonists representing seven nations competed recently in the annual Gordon-Bennett Cup Race, one of the oldest and most notable aerial classics. Starting from Brussels in Belgium, the contesting balloons were guided by their intrepid pilots on the wings of winds that swept them westward and northwestward for varying distances across Belgium, the

English Channel, England, Wales, the Irish Sea and to Ireland. The winner of the race was the pilot who guided his balloon to the farthest point from the start. The numbers in the picture indicate the landing places, arranged in the order of the distances achieved; and their pilots' identities, nationalities, and the official distance scored are as follows: 1. Captain Armbruster, Swissman,

THROUGH GORDON-BENNETT INTERNATIONAL RACE



The winner), 766 kilometers; 2. H. Spencer, England, 667 kilometers; 3. Ralph Upson, United States, 664 kilometers; 4. Major Baldwin, England, 631 kilometers; 5. Major Valle, Italy, 617 kilometers; 6. Major Barbanelli, Italy, 603 kilometers; 7. M. Dubois, France, 599 kilometers; 8. Mr. Van der Haeghe, Belgium, 565 kilometers; 9. Senor Magdalena, Spain, 558 kilo-

eters; 10. Lieutenant Labrousse, Belgium, 542 kilometers; 11. M. Bienaimé, France, 532 kilometers; 12. Lieutenant Demuyter, Belgium, 500 kilometers; 13. M. Crombez, France, 315 kilometers; 14. Mr. Von Hoffman, United States (disqualified). A kilometer is almost exactly .621 of a mile. Mr. Upson's graphic story of his great flight appears in this issue of LESLIE'S.



YOU AND YOUR WORK

"Help Wanted" Advertisements

By JACOB PENN

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is not an employment agency; it cannot provide jobs. But it can and will provide expert counsel to those, with or without work, who sincerely wish to better their condition. Mr. Penn will gladly answer in LESLIE'S the inquiries of readers who seek the benefit of his advice in solving their employment problems. All communications will be treated confidentially. Address your letters: **YOU AND YOUR WORK DEPT., LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York City.** Always enclose return postage.



OF ALL the mediums available to you in locating openings for services that you can render, by far the most immediate is the "help wanted" advertisements of the daily newspapers, magazines and trade publications. This avenue is immediate because here you know definitely that somewhere, somebody requires services that you are ready to offer.

Misled by those whose information is derived from fancy rather than from fact, many have been led to believe that good openings cannot be located through "help wanted" advertisements because, as they have been informed, good positions are not advertised. Nothing is further from the truth. I have tested this source in my job-hunting days, and for clients and during this experience I have inserted advertisements calling for men and women of large calibre with salaries ranging from \$3,000.00 to \$25,000.00 per annum. But the best proof is to be found in the newspapers, magazines, and trade publications. A glance any day, especially on Sunday, will convince any one that "help wanted" advertisements are really excellent opportunities for those out of employment, or seeking to obtain better positions.

WHERE "HELP WANTED" ADS. APPEAR

"Help Wanted" advertisements for both ordinary and executive positions usually appear in the classified columns at the end of the newspaper or magazine. When employers find it impossible to obtain the persons they desire through the classified columns, or because they want to make their wants known in a more conspicuous manner to obtain a greater number and variety of applicants that ordinarily do not read the classified advertisements, they use the full run of the newspaper or magazine after the style of the ordinary display advertiser. In special cases, where businessmen desire to connect with persons of special training and experience they have recourse to the "Business Opportunities" advertisements under the heading "Business Connections Desired."

CHARACTERISTICS OF "HELP WANTED" ADS.

Employers usually do not give their names or addresses in their "Help Wanted" advertisements. They, therefore, end their advertisements with a box number similar to this: "A 534 Times." Advertisements so signed are called "blind" advertisements. The "blind" advertisement serves a double purpose for the business man. It saves him from being swamped by applicants, and prevents his name from becoming known. I have known many men and women to hesitate answering "blind"

advertisements because, as they said, they believed they were playing into the hands of their employers who used these advertisements to test their workers' loyalty. Nonsense! The best of your loyalty is your work each day. Business men are not so foolish as to waste the money and time that would be involved.

Frequently employers require that the applicants call in person. At other times they ask that those interested call with a letter of application. The personal call is discussed later in the series under the heading bearing that title. Since the means available to reach the prospective employer as expressed in the newspaper "help-wanted" advertisements is generally through the letter of application we shall take up this subject first in this discussion.

HOW TO SELECT THE ADVERTISEMENT

To use "help wanted" advertisements best, you should select only those openings advertised that are within the range of your ability, knowledge, and experience. If your choice is carefully made, you are equipped to make a wedge between you and the prospective employer. If your selection is haphazardly made, your chances of hearing from the advertiser are very slim.

Remember that the advertiser knows what he wants, and means to obtain only that which he declares he seeks in his advertisement. He will refuse to be interested in you even if you "trick" him into replying to your letter. If the advertisement calls for a bookkeeper with cloak and suit experience, the advertiser does not want a bookkeeper with export and import service. He will take none else unless he cannot find one with the proper experience. An office boy of fourteen to do odd jobs does not mean a young man of twenty-one. Similarly, when an elderly man is desired, only those that meet the needs of the advertiser as to age may hope to receive his consideration.

Make it your business to cater to the advertiser's specific wants if you can. If you find you cannot do not answer his advertisement.

WHAT THE ADVERTISEMENT CALLS FOR

When you find an advertisement that you feel suits your ability, education, experience, expectations, check it with a pencil. Do the same with other advertisements that appeal to you on the same grounds.

Then, carefully cut each advertisement out and paste it on a piece of paper, marking thereon the newspaper and date of its appearance. Below that write the qualifications for the position and information which is desired as has

been done in the case of the following "help-wanted" advertisement:

HELP WANTED—MALE

BOOKKEEPER—Experienced double entry; capable of preparing balance sheet and profit and loss accounts and taking charge of an office; department store experience essential; permanent position with opportunity for advancement; state age, experience, references and salary. T 117 Times.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE POSITION

Position—Bookkeeper

Experience—Department store essential

Special functions—Take charge of office, prepare balance sheet and profit and loss statements

INFORMATION DESIRED

Age—
Experience—
References—
Salary—

Then, alongside each show how you meet the qualifications, and supply the details asked. Study closely the comparison of your qualifications with the specifications of the position as given in the advertisement. If you are certain that your equipment compares favorably with the advertiser's requirements, prepare for the next step, the letter.

YOUR ATTITUDE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR

When you have made your decision, you can think of your letter. But before embarking upon that phase of your program, you should prepare yourself properly by entering the correct frame of mind. Many persons think because others besides themselves will answer the advertisement that their chances of obtaining a hearing are poor. Some suffer from the notion that there are others better qualified who will outclass them in fitness for the vacancy advertised. Harbor such an attitude, and you are beaten at the start.

To have your letter "go over the top," have your thinking machinery work in characteristic U. S. A. fashion. Say to yourself, "I am out to land this job. I am going to get this job because I have the ability, education and experience. I am willing to meet my brothers and sisters in competition because I am competent." And you will win.

Before you sit down to write your letter, look yourself straight in the face in the mirror. Command the smiling machinery to do its full duty. Smile for all you are worth. Cheer yourself up, and you will cheer your way into the position you know you are fit to fill. Right here is a secret I like to make public. Employers hate letters that are devoid of cheer, confidence, enthusiasm. They will give anything for a letter that is enthusiastically, encouragingly expressed.

EXIT THE PRETTY GIRL

"THE day of the pretty girl ad. has passed," Mrs. Christian Fredricks told the convention of Affiliated Advertising Clubs. Let's see. In the current issue of a representative periodical for women and the home, pretty girls are used only to advertise a talking machine, a toilet soap, a laundry soap, dress linings, beauty powders, shampoo oil, hair tonic, perfumes, corsets, tooth paste, shoe arches, hair brushes, hair renovator, silk hosiery, furs, complexion tablets, floor polish, hot-water bags, freckle cream, curtain rods, wall coating, dress silks, fur coats, underwear, dress fasteners, dress forms and veils. That's all.

* * *

The arms conference, according to Conan Doyle, is the door to the millennium. No harm in having a good stout storm-door, however.

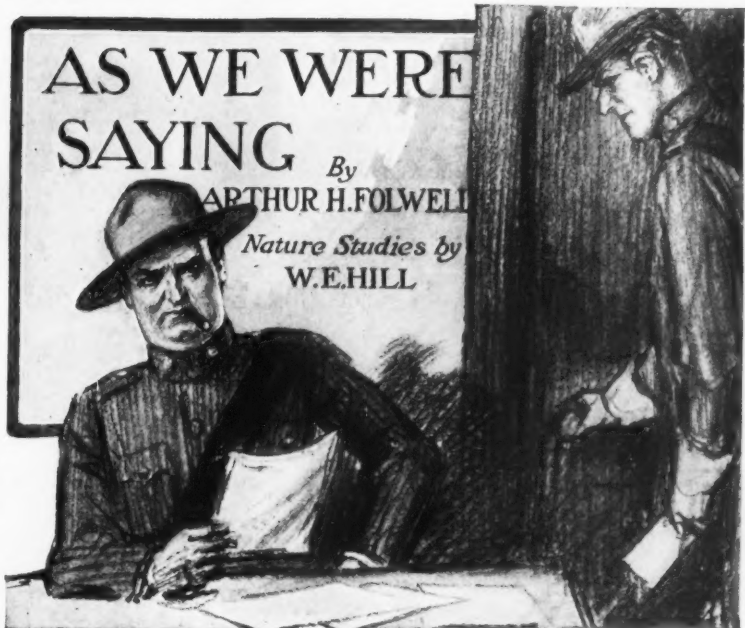
* * *

A STATIONARY MOVIE MAN

SAY what you will, there is one member of the Canadian Mounted Police who has an easy time of it. We've long had an envious eye on him. He's in every movie of northwest Canada that was ever made around Saranac, N. Y. While other members of the force take risks—such as walking through a crowd of gamblers, and half-breeds in worsted nightcaps, right up to the bar of the miner's dance hall, or trying to dress a deserted baby in a hut one jump from the arctic circle—this fellow leads a nice soft life. No snow-shoes for him; he doesn't even wear rubbers. No hard hikes through a white wilderness, with the two-gun northern lights shooting up the landscape; he doesn't walk enough to digest grapenuts. No nursing of wounded captives back to life in blizzard-coated cabins; he nurses himself before a hot stove. No breaking trail with hundreds of miles to go before morning; he breaks nothing



"Have you ever seethed for just the answer to give a nine-foot policeman?"



"Bring in Frozen Farrell, dead or alive!"

harder than the tip of a fresh cigar. And yet he is indispensable. Certainly, he is never absent. He is that grim, stern man in the suit of Canadian soldier clothes, who summons Bill Hart, or Bill Russell, or Monte Blue, or somebody, and hands him that tough assignment—on which everybody else on the force has failed—to bring in Frozen Farrell, fugitive from justice, dead or alive. The hardest work he does is to return a salute.

* * *

FINANCIAL experts are growing nervous at the way the world's gold is piling up in the United States. Already we (nothing personal) have most of it, and Europe shows no marked reluctance about shipping us what's left. Financial sharps are wondering if Europe is planning to ditch the gold standard and establish some other and more convenient medium of exchange. Robinson Crusoe, as you may recall, found several rolls of gold coin while exploring that delightful wreck of his, and smiling sorrowfully, wished it had been a hammer and some nails, or a bit more sail cloth. Crusoe enjoyed the same "glorious isolation from the rest of the world" that

some folks would wish upon the United States.

* * *

A COURSE IN COME-BACKS

CONSIDERING the breadth of their combined curriculums, one would be justified in saying that correspondence schools leave nothing untaught that is worth teaching. This is true, with but a single incredible exception. There is no correspondence course in come-backs.

How this omission occurred, how it happens to persist, are abysmal mysteries. Imagine the subscribers that such a course would attract, no less among the old than the young. Anybody, old or young, can think of a come-back several hours after the occasion for using it has passed; but the ready answer, the crushing retort, the annihilating satire—ah, what wouldn't we give in the way of tuition fees for a system whereby these would be guaranteed! Therefore, without hope of material reward, we urge the immediate organization of

The Correspondence School of Come-Backs

Teaches you to say the right thing at an instant's notice; enables you to dominate any situation

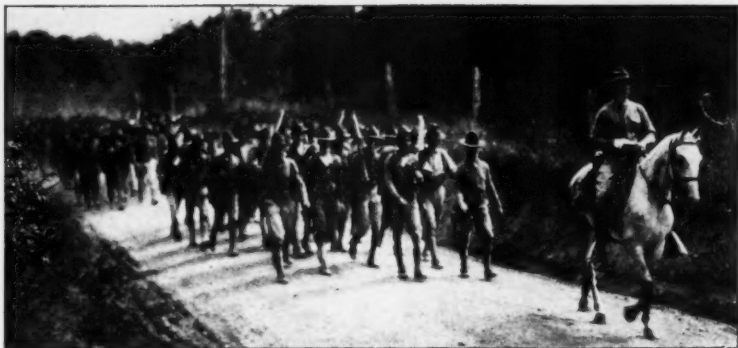
Have you ever seethed for just the answer to give

- a nine-foot policeman?
- a fresh car conductor?
- a snippy clerk?
- A maddening head-waiter?
- a tough city official?
- a hard-boiled taxi driver?

AND MAKE HIM WILT AND CRINGE?

Well, we supply it. Our lessons, covering all possible emergencies, put the right words on the tip of your tongue. No more hesitation. No more floundering. No more humiliation. Just a rapier-like thrust, and a writhing victim. Write to-day.

OUR DEVIL DOGS TRAIN FOR WAR ON VIRGINIA BATTLEFIELDS



Few more brilliant maneuvers have ever been witnessed in this country than those carried out the other day on the historic battlefield of the Wilderness, near Fredericksburg, Va., by the East Coast Expeditionary Force of the Marine Corps. Practically every device known to modern field warfare was demonstrated, and President Harding and the other distinguished visitors who were onlookers for a time saw a series of varied attacks that gave them an excellent idea of the kind of hell the fighting of to-day really is. An attempt to protect an observation balloon by a smoke cloud from an attack by airplane is shown above. At the left is a part of the column of march of the 5th Regiment on the historic road to the Wilderness.



The Presidential party at the Sunday morning services in camp. Secretary of the Navy Denby (fifth from the left), it will be recalled, was once a Marine. Others in line are Brigadier-General Sawyer and Theodore

Roosevelt (extreme left), President and Mrs. Harding (sixth and seventh from left) and Major-General Lajeune, the Marine Corps commander. The President passed one night in a tent during the maneuvers.



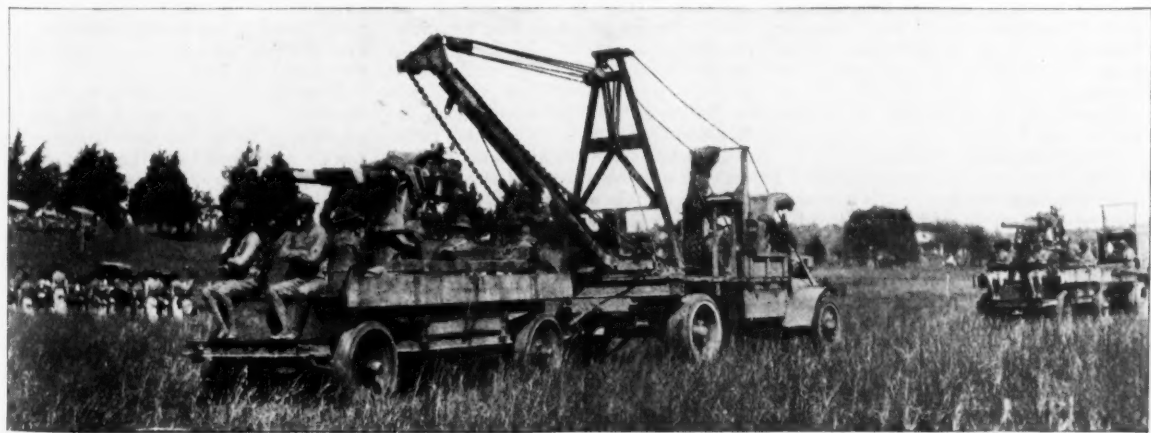
The 5th Regiment making an attack. The advance was "covered" with a machine-gun barrage. It was followed with interest by Mr. Harding, who plodded across cornfields and through meadows in order not to miss anything. A little over three years ago many of the men seen in this picture were making a somewhat similar—but rather "more difficult" advance against real foes.



The Blue and the Gray talk it over. In a little cemetery near the Lacey House, in the vicinity, the arm of Stonewall Jackson was buried, after the great Southern leader had been shot down by his own men near Chancellorsville in 1863. The veterans refought the entire Civil War several times.



What happened to a plane when its pilot was forced to land in the dark near Charlottesville. The pilot escaped with minor injuries.



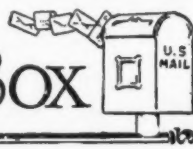
PHOTOS U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL

Anti-aircraft guns preparing to repel a raid. A demonstration of their accuracy was made during the maneuvers, and the tanks—large and small did stunts that only three years ago would have been declared impossible.

A review, participated in by the entire force of 5,000, was one of the features of the ceremonies attendant upon the President's visit. Governor Davis, of Virginia, and many other famous notables witnessed it.



Leslie's Letter Box



THE DEFENSE OF THE KU KLUX

To the Editor of

LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Have read with interest Mr. William G. Shepherd's article on the Ku Klux Klan. Same is very interesting indeed.

Though like most newspaper and magazine articles of late on something unusual: *very far from correct.*

I do not say this because I am a member of the Klan, for I am not. If there is even a lodge in this part of Texas or anywhere near me it has never shown up nor has anyone ever approached me to accept a membership.

But in behalf of the State of Texas, which I consider the greatest State in many ways (and I have traveled in many and filled some good places both North and South), I want to deny that many of the outrages he has charged to the Ku Klux Klan were ever even committed in its name by outsiders. They were committed by outsiders all right. Or who knows but that some of them might have been members of the Klan? But they did not even try to lay it off on the Klan.

Yes, there is a Klan at work from all evidences, but no sane calm thinking man can object to their intentions: only he would rather see the law of the States and United States

LESLIE'S WEEKLY wants to hear from its readers, and will print their letters under this heading as opportunity offers. It hopes they will take advantage of this invitation to air their views to the editor, and through the editor to their fellow readers, whether in praise or criticism of what appears in the magazine or, if they please, on subjects unrelated to its contents. Letters should not be more than 200 words in length and may be signed, if desired, with a pen name provided the correspondent's real name and address are enclosed.

enforced against the objects of their attention.

But when the law will not take care of them, because they have a little money to pay out, there must be something done. And I am not one to criticize the Klan if they will confine their activities to such social rascals as they have been dealing with.

Very respectfully,

H. E. POLK.

Blackwell, Tex.

September 9, 1921.

GOVERNMENTAL WASTE

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Your paper is doing a world of good when it publishes articles like that on page 479 of the October 8 issue, "Dawes's Doings."

While it is good to know these things, the little fellow does not know how to get the knowledge before the right man in Washington.

a big brother to fight these battles for him, but forgets to write and thank the editors. My taxes paid this year amount to around \$2,000; they are heavy, but I am glad to support the best Government on earth, though not willing to spend \$500 to repair a \$4 breakage, and should not be called upon to pay for such business imbecility. No Government can stand when the people know their money is being wasted. Reduce armament, battleships, standing armies, but give us better roads. Put prisoners on great highways, work criminals instead of feeding them in prisons idly serving out their terms.

This requires no acknowledgment, just desire to say, Good for you!

Respectfully,

B. A. JONES.

(Retired, but many years a banker).

Sidney, Neb.,

October 5, 1921.

Liquor Seeks Its Own Level—(Concluded from page 619)

and, perhaps, most unbelievable part of my story. In Banff, up in the Canadian Rockies, a dark-haired young girl got aboard the train. In the open observation car, which was attached to the train at Fields, we found ourselves in the same seat and soon in conversation. She explained that she was a Spanish-born girl who was going on to Vancouver to join her mother, who had married an American some time before.

I parted with the young lady at the station in Vancouver. That night, about nine o'clock, having bought my reservation on the boat for Seattle and spent most of the day in a chase after news, I walked into the lobby of the Vancouver Hotel and saw my acquaintance of the train, coming down the steps from the Indian grill room on the arm of a heavy-set, gray-haired man. She introduced me.

"This," she said. "Is Dad."

"Dad" and I sat down and talked. I discovered that he had been a construction engineer on the Milwaukee Road to the Coast at a time when I had been batting around that section of the country. He asked me what I was doing in Vancouver and I told him.

"How are you getting along?" he inquired.

"Having luck on everything but the booze story," I explained. "Hard to get anything definite on that."

"What do you want?"

"Anything I can get."

"Perhaps I can help you out. I am one of the fraternity."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"I mean that I am a bootlegger."

Honest! I pledge my word! That is exactly the way it happened.

"Go to it," I begged.

"The little daughter never knew it till to-night," he said apologetically. "But I have been at it from here for the last two years. I got tired working for a living about two years ago and decided to make some money. I bought in an export liquor house up here and I am, for the most part, a legal bootlegger. We are permitted to sell for export. Suppose that we sell 2,000 cases for export to Australia. We make the sale to the owners of a schooner bound for Australia. Everything is regular. We have a right to sell that liquor. The stuff is put aboard the schooner. The vessel puts out to sea and somewhere down off the Washington, Oregon, or California coast, motor boats come out and take the stuff off. Can we help that? Certainly not. Can the captain of the schooner help it? If any one says anything they are told that it was an act of piracy on the high seas. Do the owners of the motor boats ever get caught? If they do it's a miracle. You know that coast. Studded with islands and a merciful fog there half the time. What a chance!"

"It goes down from here secreted in lumber cars that are not opened at the border. It goes over in automobiles which are not searched if they go the right roads and pay money to the right people. It even goes across in airplanes, and the police here can't do a thing.

Recently an airplane landed near the city alongside a lorry and men began loading liquor into the airship. The police near there phoned in to the chief and asked what they should do.

"Where is the liquor going?" the chief asked.

"To the United States," the officer replied.

"You can't do a thing," said the chief. "The liquor is being exported and export is legal."

"The machine made several trips. It could not be stopped here and was never caught in the United States. I personally have made over \$100,000 in the last two years and if I don't make \$200,000 this year it will be because I drop dead before the year is out."

I caught the boat down to Seattle. Seattle is my old stamping ground. If anything is to be had there I am sure I can get it. When I was there last in 1917 the State was dry, but national prohibition had not yet gone into effect. Bad bootleg liquor at \$25 per bottle was hard to get. When I was there recently the best of Canadian Scotch could be obtained in dozens of places at any time of the day or night for \$10 per bottle and good ryes were going for \$8.

I draw no moral. Draw your own. Two provinces in Canada are wet. As long as they are wet booze will come over the border. As long as booze comes over the border prohibition in the United States will not be effective.

Help yourself to the answer. It's beyond me.

The Bogie of the German Mark—(Concluded from page 626)

and sold her manufactures at large losses as a result. Sales of "distress" stocks of this sort, while only incidental, are often given as illustrations of Germany's ability to sell at very low figures.

In spite of all of the efforts which have been put forth and undoubted advantages here and there as a result of the exchange situation, it is well to consider that at present Germany's production is less than half of her average pre-war production, if the most dependable authorities in Germany correctly report the condition. In coming back thus far, Germany has had some favorable conditions which are not likely to continue.

Her industries are now faced with a tremendous burden of taxation as a result of the fixing of the indemnities. Her neighbors allege, notwithstanding all of the assertions to the contrary, that until now Germany has paid practically nothing toward reparations and her great financial and industrial interests have not been taxed adequately. The Germans deny this, but irrespective of what they have been paying in taxes, it is clear they must now pay more. The new taxation measures will be considered soon by the German Reichstag and there is no doubt of the fear German business interests have of these added costs.

Those who are inclined to exaggerate German advantages in foreign fields may imagine their own feelings if they had to face the unprecedented taxes of the German manufacturers. If on top of present taxes, the business of the United States, for example, had to bear new assessments amounting to 26 per cent. per year of the value of our foreign trade, the American manufacturer would not think his path was very easy, no matter how cheap our money seemed to be. And this is not all, for the new proposals go far beyond these suggestions.

Aside from heavy taxes, other factors are bound to influence German costs of production. To an American, present German wage rates are very low when measured in dollars. The average German worker is now paid from 50 marks a day to 90 marks a day—roughly from 1200 marks to 2200 marks a month or from about \$10 to \$18 a month. This may be compared with pre-war rates of about 8 to 12 gold marks a day—the mark then was worth approximately 23 cents, as against a paper mark which is now about eight mills. The paper wages of the German worker, however, are sufficient to enable him now to buy a reasonable amount of food for his family. That family was so nearly starved during the war and the year after the armistice that the food now available seems almost luxury. Measured by our scale of living or that which obtained in Germany before the war it is meager indeed.

Certainly the German workers will stand for a time. They are so pleased to be at work again and comparatively free from the misery of war that undoubtedly they will endure present conditions for a considerable period. But the cost of living in Germany with the continued issue of paper money and consequent inflation is likely to rise still further and

wages already high on the paper basis will probably go higher. Just now there are more strikes than for many years. German workers must be considered in the matter of wage increases when conditions require more pay since membership in their organizations has grown since the war from about 3,500,000 in 1918 to more than 11,000,000 at present. As Germany's export trade moves and the value of the mark is strengthened the employer will be faced with the necessity of reducing the number of marks he pays per day. It would seem obvious that the reduction from the present figures of

are conditions under which men may work longer than eight hours, but this calls for special permission and payment of overtime. There is overtime work from time to time in some localities, but it is a mere incident. The stories of millions of German workers bending to their tasks twelve and fourteen hours a day and happy to do so are without foundation. For the hours they do work the output is far below the pre-war level.

The proposition that Germany will displace all of her important competitors in foreign trade must be based upon the theory that her output is raised, not merely from the 50 per cent. of pre-war production, which now obtains, but 200 to 300 per cent. above pre-war production. There are some German manufacturers who argue that if Germany is to pay the indemnity fixed she must develop her export trade to about four times the pre-war volume and that this conquest can be effected only with the aid of the greatly depreciated paper mark. No German who advances this argument, however, is able to explain how Germany can possibly obtain any such production, especially in view of the fact that as a result of the war, a considerable part of her coal supply and other raw materials have been cut off and she must import substantial quantities even to obtain normal production.

The United States is one of the richest markets for Germany, and her imports to this country before the war were very large. In spite of the advantages credited to Germany under present circumstances there is yet no evidence that German imports represent anything very alarming so far as the United States is concerned. In particular trades where all German competition has been lacking for over five years, where prices have been high and it was unnecessary for the American manufacturer to exert any real selling effort, the appearance of German competing products seems important, but in the whole business of the United States the German imports thus far cut little figure. They must be increased enormously before they reach the pre-war average to which we were accustomed and which did not alarm us very much.

During the full year 1920 and for the first seven months of 1921 German imports to the United States were less than one half those for corresponding periods in the last two years before the war.

Undoubtedly German importations to the United States will increase as normal business is resumed throughout the world and irrespective of the price of the mark. In course of time, perhaps not a long time, if other conditions are favorable, Germany may be expected to regain the volume of business she enjoyed in the United States before the war. In the foreign field she has good prospects of getting back a fair part of her pre-war trade, but that the German paper mark is a patent device by which Germany will conquer the trade of the world and that German manufacturers are traveling a path of roses and sunshine to commanding success are assertions which should be taken with a grain of salt.

FROM THE DESERT

By GRACE C. HOWES

HERE there is only sage and sand,
And bare, brown hills of gloom.
The dry ash of a burnt-out land
With never water nor bloom.
O never a flower to bless my eyes,
Nor the green tower of a tree!
And over the hill-crest, no surprise
Of flashing, sun-blue sea.

But only the desert, dreary and dun,
And weary hill after hill,
White-hot and breathless under the sun,
Under the night-sky, chill.

Oh! there's no peace for me at all,
No heartease while I crave
The sharp sea-wind, and hear the call
Of thundering wave on wave
Echoing from my own wild shore
Over the wide, wide land,
And falling, falling, on my heart
Here by the desert sand.
I'd barter my mortal self for the sake
Of the ocean—I'd rather be
A white-sailed ship, or a kittiwake
If so I might kiss the sea
Once more,
If so I might leap to its arms and ride
High on the surge's crest,
Or skim the expanse of its lazuli tide
From the sunrise out to the west,
Curving and crossing,
Dipping and tossing,
Forever upon its breast.

Dear God! from the desert I cry to Thee:
Give me the sea! The sea!

daily payment will be a difficult and painful experience.

In connection with any thoughtful consideration of the German situation and German competition in the foreign field, it is just as well to realize that German manufacturers and business men are not super-men. The extraordinary intelligence and foresight so often attributed to them has little foundation. They are much like the average capable business men and bankers of other important nations. They are not wonder workers and they are obliged to deal with conditions infinitely more serious than the business men of other countries.

So far as the great mass of the workers are concerned, while it is true that they are at work and quite prepared to work, it is also a fact that in common with all other countries, their efficiency and production are far below that of the pre-war period. First of all the eight-hour day is generally enforced in Germany. There

The Greatest Fire on Earth—(Continued from page 625)

Jack gets away with it."

To "Jack" Roan we are indebted for much of the foregoing information.

"I will not need to tell you what the fire is like now," he said. "You can see for yourself. But there is one thing I want you to remember when you look at that fire. I've seen the truth of it borne out, not only this once, but a good many times."

He leaned forward and thumped his desk for emphasis.

"No argument was ever settled by the destruction of life or property. It's a rule that never fails that when violence replaces reason nobody gains and everybody loses. In this case the loss has been threefold. The miners have lost the means of a livelihood, and in many cases their homes and their savings; the mine owners have lost their property and the public suffers the loss of a natural resource that cannot be replaced.

"But," added Mr. Roan, "I wouldn't place all the blame in this case on the miners. It is no doubt true that they set fire to the mines, but if the mine owners had displayed the proper diligence the fire could have been extinguished before it got very far. The State was to blame, too, in not seeing that something was done at once. The truth is that no one ever suspected the fire would get beyond control, and that the final consequences would be so disastrous."

We are told that there is no hotel at New Straitsville, although Shawnee boasts this convenience; this despite the fact that New Straitsville boasts a population of a thousand, and is considerably larger than its neighbor. Let us pass in silence the rigors of travel on a railroad train which makes an average speed of ten miles an hour and only pause to remark that while the hotel at Shawnee is no rival to the Ritz, the beds are clean and comfortable, and one may sleep sweetly there at a dollar a night.

An old-timer, who cackles gleefully as he recalls the time Old Dad Spicer caved into a burning mine and found his way to an old exit without a scratch, tells us that the best time to view the fire is at daybreak. Daybreak, then, finds us chugging off to the heart of the fire coun-



The "mine" this lone miner is working extends only a few feet into the hillside, because to go further would be to court death from "black damp," or gas generated from the heated coal. The miner sells his diggings of coal from this short tunnel by the wagon-load to make a living for himself.



The ground about this earth crack was so hot that, before the photographer had finished, the stick the man is holding had ignited. In 1900 two brothers decided to put out the fire and become wealthy. They spent \$100,000 on their ambitious dream of riches, and finally gave up in despair.

try, three miles distant, in the town's taxicab (which may be hired at a dollar an hour).

Rattling up hill and down in the semi-darkness, we need not see fire to know we are in the midst of it. The air is heavy with smoke and on the hilltops the odor of coal gas is almost stifling. And yet we pass houses, where, we are told, families are asleep with the utmost unconcern.

As the first gray streaks of dawn appear we are in the very heart of the fire country and atop a hill which commands a view in every direction. Forewarned as we are, we are quite unprepared for the grand and terrible panorama spread about before us.

The valleys are level full of white smoke and only the tips of the tallest trees and the crests of the hills project above the impenetrable haze. We are reminded of pictures taken on mountain tops above the clouds. Ringing each hilltop within

range of vision is a series of miniature volcanoes which pour forth clouds of smoke. When the sun rises over the hills it glows through the smoke pall like a great red ball of fire. As the day wears on, however, the smoke in the valleys rises and the white smoke from the hillside craters gradually becomes more transparent, until in the heat of the day it is just a blue haze, and we get an unobstructed view of the countryside.

Everywhere there are acres and acres of land burned a brick red from the terrific heat beneath. Such land is usually clear of vegetation, except for an occasional bush. We are told that flowers bloom sometimes in mid-winter where the ground is heated to just

the right temperature. We see streams of boiling hot water, whole forests where the roots have been charred from beneath the trees and they have tumbled over, dead, in utter confusion. We see the site where once stood a schoolhouse that tumbled into a burning mine, and near it a group of abandoned houses that once was the village of Old Straitsville.

We come upon a cottage homestead sitting in a sort of horseshoe-shaped depression in a hill. The fire is burning all around the house and in one place is hardly twenty-five feet from the door. The father tells us that two weeks before there was an explosion which rocked the house and for a few days fire shot from the new crater fifty feet in the air. Luckily the house is below the coal and will not have to be abandoned. We find the four-year-old son of the household playing at "burning mine" with a convenient earthcrack furnishing all the realism even a child could wish.

In the midst of the fire country we come across a half dozen miners opening a new entrance to an outcropping coal vein. It seems the hole they had been working the day before had blown up during the night and a fifteen-foot crater in the hill above bore out their statement. They had just finished blasting down the old entrance to slow up the progress of the fire as much as possible and they were preparing to work a new hole until the fire

(Concluded on page 640)



A miner's home almost surrounded by fire. At one place smoke is coming from the ground a few feet from the back door.



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The Greatest Fire on Earth—(Concluded from page 638)

caught up again. Mines in the region cannot be worked, even though not yet touched by fire, because of the prevalence of "black damp," a deadly gas generated by the heated coal.

A summer ago Charlie Arnold, who lives with his aged parents in a little cabin in the heart of the fire country, had seven fine cows. One hot day they stopped in the entrance of an abandoned mine to cool off and next day Charlie found them there, all dead from black damp. Charlie himself was nearly overcome several times before he abandoned entirely the last small mine on his place. A few years ago the Arnolds were comfortably well off, but in the past few years the fire has burned under much of their land, destroying practically all of its value.

Oil has been found on some of the burned land and this has salvaged something of its former value. There have been many cases, however, where the fire has burned under oil wells, melting off the pipes and destroying the structure.

In 1900 the Jones brothers—John E., Evan E., David H. and John W.—came to New Straitsville, purchased 1,000 acres of coal land which had not yet been touched by fire and set about saving it. They sunk a deep shaft so far from the fire that they considered it safe for many years and they expected to head off the blaze before it reached their workings. But they had worked the mine but a few months when they found the fire had broken through.

They tried every known method to put it out, but the fire only burned the fiercer. They tried building double brick walls in the path of the fire, filling the space between with earth, but these only served to check the fire temporarily.

"I have paid as high as \$25 a brick to get those walls up," John E. Jones tells us. "The heat was so terrific that the men had to work stripped to the waist and they would run to the wall, place a brick and then run back again.

"Once I thought we had it stopped. We filled the space between two brick walls with chimney soot and it seemed to be holding. So I arranged for the men to go back to work. Next day when I went to the property I could hardly believe my eyes. The whole place was on fire and there were seven big holes blown

in the ground from which fire and smoke were shooting.

"Well, that finished us. We had spent about \$100,000 cash fighting the fire—all we had. Together with the value of the land we estimate our loss at \$1,000,000. We appealed to the State to try to save our coal, but all we got was advice."

The Jones brothers still own their land, for they cannot sell it—or even give it away. From great stretches of it now heat waves rise as from the top of a kitchen stove. One of the brothers runs a general store in New Straitsville and another is engaged in the coal business in Columbus.

Contrary to what might be expected the fire is not a serious menace to life. There have been a few fatal accidents, but the tragedy lies chiefly in the loss of a great natural resource, in the destruction of much valuable property, in the loss of a means of livelihood for hundreds of families, and in the complete impoverishment of those who have elected to hold on to their land and homes in spite of the fire.

And yet there seems to be only a mild resentment against the men who are responsible for the fire. One miner, who said he knew the man who touched off the blaze, was asked if he did not believe the man ought to be punished.

"Well," he drawled, "the other morning I stumbled into one of these fire cracks and barked my shins. You bet I cussed that fellow a-plenty."

And that is about as near as any of the miners will come to committing themselves. Those who have convictions either are afraid or are unwilling to talk of them. On the whole, however, the people one meets seem to have adjusted their daily existence and their philosophy of life to a situation they regard as inevitable and are quite content.

Back in the little Shawnee Hotel at night we prop our feet up in the front window and talk things over with the Old Timer. From one end of the street comes the strains of an electric piano and a discordant chorus of youthful voices. From the opposite direction we hear an amateur jazz band practising.

"Dance to-morrow night," explains the Old-timer. "Everybody going."

Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk.

? ? ? ? ?

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? ? ? ? ?

HUMAN NATURE

By FRED C. KELLY

THE chances are that every time you return from a little holiday or vacation jaunt, you meet up with a man wearing a self-assertive abdomen who says: "Vacation? Say, what does that word mean, anyhow? What 'ud you think now if I was to tell you that I haven't had a vacation in—lemme see—twelve years next March!"

And he looks at you sadly with his face all relaxed and seamed like a bloodhound's while he goes on to boast how assiduously he toils from early morn till set of sun, every day in the year, including Labor and Arbor days.

At first thought you are disposed to excuse yourself so you can have a good cry. But you will waste much good tear fluid if you sob yourself to death over the sad luck of the man who takes no vacation. For doing without vacations and going about feeling sorry for himself is the one means he has of deriving satisfaction from this life.

People collect stamps, coins, dogs, sweethearts, or other bijouterie, according to taste; they try to see how many they can get. This vacationless man's hobby would go under the same general grouping. He pants to see how long he can go without taking a few days off. That is the only record he can make—the only achievement he can hope for. If he can find himself more imposed upon than any of his office associates, he will blanket himself thickly with the glory of it all.

And if he ever by an oversight should go away on a vacation, he will mention it apologetically like a man explaining about the time he got arrested—saying:

"Oh, yes, I took the wife and children away for a little while. For my part I'd just as lief stay at home. I've never thought that I needed a vacation."

He has a notion that having fun is beneath his dignity. The old Puritan idea that pleasure is wrong for man or child, is still being packed around by a lot of people who are just alecky enough to feel themselves above the frivolities that appeal to the ordinary six and seven-eighths run of humans.

MOODS AND SEASONS

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

A VAGRANT life 'neath summer skies
Be mine 'mid Nature's melodies!
The throstle's carol after rain,
The blackbird's rollicking refrain,
The Western breezes' whispered sighs,
Through listening pines, as daylight dies;
To live once more I am full fain
A vagrant life!

Southward the sapient swallow flies;
Chill mists from darkening valleys rise,
October's golden glories wane—
Clubland, methinks, is full again—
I marvel folk so highly prize
A vagrant life!

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LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

IF "WE, the common people" of the United States, were better versed in economics and finance much would be added to the material well-being of the nation. A large proportion of the discontent and unrest so detrimental to business and prosperity has been due to the propaganda of ill-informed agitators and half-baked theorists. The last-named class includes not merely poorly educated persons, but also not a few college professors and other intellectuals who have no experience in or comprehension of practical affairs, and who dwell mentally in Utopia.

There are certain cast-iron economic facts and simple elementary principles that every American citizen should be familiar with if the country is ever to prosper as it should. Ignorance, or ignoring, of these on one side or the other, sometimes on both, causes most of the frictions arising in the industrial world. Capital has short-sightedly, even as regards its own interests, often occupied an unwise economic position, while labor has been prone to confuse the economic law with capitalism and to arraign the latter for conditions inevitable in the very nature of things. The charge, for instance, not infrequently made during recent years, that capitalists have conspired to depress business and to wreck their own chances of gain for the purpose of forcing a fall in wages, is one of the delusions that a clearer understanding of the economic situation would show to be ridiculous. Business cannot expect to flourish by cutting off its nose to spite its face.

It would help things considerably at times if we could steadily bear in mind the sharp distinction between benevolence and business. The business of charity is to give—judiciously, of course, and never too lavishly. The business of business is to make profit and that is its primary reason for being. It has a right to existence on that ground, for it is an institution absolutely necessary to progressive humanity, rendering service which is the life-blood of the community. It must conduct its operations along certain rigid lines if it is to succeed, and its success is a universal need. Yet to multitudes the conditions under which alone business can thrive are a sealed book. They imagine that the rules of business are purely arbitrary and can be changed at will without entailing harm. They do not realize the necessity and the difficulty that control and shape the action of the managers of enterprises. Otherwise,

there would be no less sympathy for the toiling and sweating and harassed captains of industry than for the subordinate workers with hands or brain.

It would not require a great deal of instruction to throw some light on such matters into even benighted minds if only they could be induced to listen without prejudice to the truth told without bias. All thinking people will highly commend the American Bankers Association's proposed campaign to enlighten the masses on finance by the delivery of lectures on various phases of the subject in public schools and at meetings of social and business organizations. Thoroughly carried out, such a plan will do no end of good in brushing away from popular thought a lot of fallacies that poison the attitude of many toward financiers and financial institutions. A similar campaign on economics would have still more extensive good results since it would deal with matters more obviously and intimately related to the lives of the great majority of us. Not a few believe that many lawmakers at Washington and elsewhere stand particularly in need of the teaching specified.

There is distinct encouragement in the fact that schools under trade union auspices have been established at different points for training capable members to become intelligent leaders of their fellow-workmen. Economics will be one of the chief branches these pupils will study, and if they do this impartially the labor leaders of the future will be wiser and be held in greater respect and be more efficient than those of the past or present. With multiplication of schools like these and a more general diffusion of financial and economic knowledge the nation will be better equipped to meet its coming business problems with the intelligence and fairness which spell success.

Answers to Inquiries

J., BOSTON, MASS.: The Republic of Chile's external loan 5-year 8% sinking fund gold bonds are an attractive and safe short-term issue. They aggregate \$9,500,000. Principal and interest are payable in U. S. gold. They are exempt from Chilean taxes. The sinking fund, commencing to operate January 1, 1923, will be sufficient to purchase one-quarter of the total issue every year until all are redeemed, at 104 to 101, according to maturity. The bonds are a direct obligation of the Republic, whose credit has ranked high in European markets. They are coupon in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500. They were offered at prices to yield 10.35% to 8.4% according to date of redemption.

L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: You could with undoubted safety invest \$10,000 in Government of the Argentine Nation two-year, 7% treasury gold notes. These total \$50,000,000, are coupon in \$1,000 pieces, are exempt from Argentine taxes, and are payable, principal and interest, in U. S. gold. Argentine currency is one of the soundest in the world and the country's credit is good. The notes were offered at a price to yield over 7.5%.
M., BALTIMORE, MD.: It would be prudent to invest

\$20,000 in the 10-20-year Federal Land Bank 5% bonds, dated May 1, 1931. They are not redeemable before May 1, 1931. They are coupon and registered, in denominations of \$10,000, \$5,000, \$1,000, \$500, \$100, and \$40. The bonds are exempt from all taxation. They are secured by collateral consisting of an equal amount of U. S. Government bonds or mortgages on farm lands. The bonds are eligible as security for government deposits, and are legal for trust funds in many states. Offered lately at par.

S. CLEVELAND, OHIO: Unquestionably the best class of first mortgage real estate bonds rank among the soundest securities in the market. Lending capitalists, banks, and insurance companies invest largely in them, setting a good example to persons of moderate means. These issues never fluctuate in price, a fact that commands them to conservative buyers. You might distribute your \$6,000 among the three issues you mention.

W. PALATKA, FLA.: The Raritan Refining Co. bonds would not have been given such highly attractive features had the concern at the outset been more dependable. The corporation is reported as having paid 14% last year on its stock, which is all owned by the Eastern Potash Co. The bonds may be reasonably safe.

P. KENT, WASH.: It would be safe enough to sell your Victory Notes and to invest the proceeds in U. S. of Brazil 8's, which are well regarded. Bonds of the safest sort include West Shore Railroad 4's, Union Pacific first 4's, Atchison 4's, Northern Pacific—Great Northern 6's, U. S. Steel 5's, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's, and American Tel. & Tel. col. 4's.

F. TOLEDO, OHIO: As the oil situation has begun to improve, it looks better, at present, to hold your shares of American Fuel Oil and Transportation Co. than to sacrifice at a serious loss.

L. CHICAGO, ILL.: The Island Oil Co. has been a great disappointment to its stockholders. The company has extensive holdings and its production is large, but it is over-capitalized and the decline in price of oil impaired its earnings. It will require skillful management to bring the company into good financial condition and dividend paying ability.

H. SPRINGFIELD, ILL.: The 8% bonds of the Atchitibi Power & Paper Co., Ltd., are the issue of a successful corporation and are doubtless a good business man's investment.

L. ORANGE, N. J.: I warn you that a vast number of aircraft companies may be organized in the next few years in this country and that their success will in most cases be doubtful. Better not be carried away by enthusiasm for aerial enterprise. Wait until the companies at least show a prospect of earning dividends before buying their stocks.

H. BALTIMORE, MD.: The Mexico Oil Co. has large holdings, but has not become a dividend payer and there is no prospect of a material rise in the stock at present. The stock is not an investment, but a speculation.

T. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Northern States Power preferred and Standard Gas & Electric Co. preferred are among the well-regarded Byllesby securities and are certainly "reasonably safe" purchases. Norwegian bonds are among the better class of foreign issues.

D. ST. PAUL, MINN.: The American Light & Traction Co. paid 6% dividends for three years out of the surplus, but had sufficient and more for that purpose. It is a strong organization with large working capital and big earnings. Lessened cost of labor and supplies should be favorable to the future business of the company. The Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. was adversely affected by the dullness of the fertilizer business and it is paying no dividends on either class of stock. The company may come back in time, but its shares are speculative at present. The International Products Co. is paying dividends on preferred but none on common.

P. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND: The ten issues in which you desire to invest \$25,000 safely might well include Standard 8's, Denmark 8's, and Norway 8's, all three being highly regarded. Among other bonds that are high-grade are Great Northern Railway general mortgage 7's, Northern Pacific—Great Northern 6½'s, New York Central debenture 6's, Delaware & Hudson 7's, U. S. Steel 5's, Diamond Match 7½'s, Bell Telephone of Pennsylvania 7's, American Tel. & Tel. 5's, Brooklyn Edison 7's, Bethlehem Steel marine equipment 7's, Atchison Railroad general mortgage 4's, and U. S. of Brazil 8's. If you care to diversify by taking on a few good stocks, you might consider U. P. common, S. P., Bethlehem Steel 8's per cent. preferred, and American Woolen preferred.

L. SIOUX CITY, IOWA: International Harvester common is selling too high for its present dividend of 8½ per cent. The outlook for the company is promising and with improved business its position will undoubtedly be strengthened. I would rather buy Allis-Chalmers 7's, cumulative preferred selling at about the same price.

C. GUMAT KILLS, S. I.: Japanese 4's are undoubtedly safe as are Province of Quebec 3's, Argentine 5's internal bond, Province of Buenos Aires, 5's and Oriental Republic of Uruguay 5's. I would prefer such issues as U. S. of Brazil 8's, Denmark 8's, Republic of Chile 8's, to the Japanese or the South American bonds.

H. EUGENE, OREGON, AND W. NEW YORK: Poland is in a sad economic plight. Better not invest in City of Warsaw bonds. If they had solid merit, they would not sell so low as they do, and even if they were only a good speculation, would be grabbed up fast, without peddling around.

J. PORTLAND, MAINE: Pullman stock still looks like a good purchase. The recent slump in the shares was checked and the price rebounded when the directors declared the regular dividend for the last quarter of 1931 and the first quarter of 1932. These dividends have not been earned, but the company has a large surplus and is looking forward to improving business.

P. MANCHESTER, VT.: The American Sugar Refining Co. has apparently seen about the worst of its readjustment troubles. The next preferred dividend will be paid and it is officially stated that there will be no new financing at present. The common is now only a speculation.

W. ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.: Sears-Roebuck common is not paying dividends and there are better things in the

market, including Allis-Chalmers common, paying 8½, Allis-Chalmers pfd., 87, American Woolen common, 87, American Woolen pfd., 87, Bethlehem Steel A and B, 85, and Allis-Chalmers & Drug, 84.

J. CLINTON, IOWA: The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. has been in a state of deficit for more than three years and is still. Its bonds would be selling too low were the financial outlook for the company better. I do not see how they can rise to 30 unless the earnings of the road show a marked improvement.

O. ALLENTOWN, PA.: Cities Service issues have lately had a considerable recovery owing to the advancing price of crude oil. You could safely invest your \$1500 in Standard Gas & Electric pfd., Northern Pacific—Great Northern 6½'s, and Standard Oil of N. Y. 7's. You might distribute your money among these three.

L. SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: With your \$500 you could buy five shares of Bethlehem Steel 8% pfd., a very sound stock with a good outlook.

P. WILMINGTON, DEL.: You could prudently invest your \$800 in Union Pacific common, Southern Pacific, Bethlehem Steel 8% pfd., Atchison common, American Woolen pfd., or Standard Oil of N. J. The twenty-payment-plan is all right if you deal with a reputable and reliable firm.

K. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: The stipulation that American Tel. & Tel. 6's are "convertible into stock at 106" means that the holder of the bond may exchange it for stock at the price of 106 per share. For instance, if he holds a \$1,000 bond, he can get as many shares for it as 1,000 contains 106, that is about 9 shares.

M. NORFOLK, NEBR.: Standard Oil of Indiana is a sterling stock. It pays dividends at the rate of 84 per year, a yield of less than 6 per cent. on market price. Better purchases would be Standard Oil of New Jersey pfd., Standard Oil of Ohio, pfd., and S. O. of N. Y., 7's, each making a yield of over 6 per cent. on quoted value.

New York, Oct. 29, 1931

Free Booklets for Investors

(A number of the booklets and circulars of information listed below are prepared especially for the small investor and the "beginner in investing." All of them should prove of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety.)

Persons in doubt as to the best way of investing their savings will find it helpful to read the new pamphlet, "Two Men And Their Money," issued by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., of Atlanta, Ga., the well-known dealers in first mortgage real estate bonds. The firm's offerings are in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000. They are obtainable on terms to yield 8% and on the partial payment plan, if so desired. Write to Miller & Co. for a copy of their interesting pamphlet.

H. M. BYLLESBY & CO., INC., 208 La Salle St., Chicago and 111 Broadway, New York, are distributing the attractive secured sinking fund gold bonds of the Standard Gas and Electric Co. These bonds may be had at a price to yield 8.1 per cent. They are amply secured by prosperous industries widely diversified geographically, with earnings which have long shown a steady increase. The sinking fund provisions are exceptionally complete. The bonds, which are in \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 pieces, can be bought for cash or on a ten-payment-plan. Ask Byllesby & Co. to send you their worth-while circular L-18.

The situation in the business and financial world is well reflected in the weekly issues of the widely appreciated "Bache Review." Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Descriptive circular L, mailed on request by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, tells all about the use in stock market transactions of puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange.

Numerous financiers are of opinion that opportunity is knocking loudly at the doors of investors. They believe that the current low levels of securities cannot last long and that with reviving business there will be a decided turn upward. For the guidance of those who would purchase at this favorable time, Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, are sending out their current market bulletin specifying a number of very attractive stocks, together with a booklet, "Thrift-Savings-Investment," describing a convenient monthly payment method of purchase. The firm will mail its informing booklet L W-73 to any applicant.

The great Pacific Northwest proffers even greater commercial and industrial opportunities today than it did in its wonderfully prosperous past. All those interested in the chances offered in that region of rich resources can obtain ample information concerning them, without cost, from the Ladd & Tilton Bank of Portland, Oregon, the oldest financial institution in the Pacific Northwest. The bank's Bond Department recommends to investors the bonds of stable Pacific Northwest communities, and will supply on request a list of carefully chosen high-grade issues.

William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York City, is sending to all applicants his booklet L, explaining the opportunities available in the stock market through the use of puts and calls.

The current issue of "Investment Survey, No. 26," issued by Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, 40 Exchange Place, New York, gives the latest developments regarding a diversity of railroad stocks, including Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Penna., Chic. & N. W. and Kansas City Southern. A copy of this valuable issue, together with booklet S-6, describing the firm's 20-payment income building plan, will be furnished by Scott & Stump to interested investors.

The recent action of forty particular stocks has revealed important developments bearing on their future trend. This has prompted E. M. Fuller & Co., members Consolidated Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York, to have a book compiled by experts analyzing these stocks, and also containing a chart showing each stock's past price fluctuations, and present market position. To obtain these valuable analyses, write to Fuller & Co. for L W-77.

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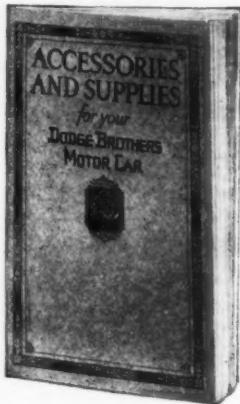
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The Inside Story of the Gordon-Bennett Balloon Race

(Continued from page 629)

that we could take advantage of by changing from one to another. And occasionally we passed over shoals that gave us a sight for speed and direction readings. Finally we made out a little point of land to the north which we identified as Bardsey Island. Then for four hours more we struggled along toward it, sometimes so slowly that it was impossible to tell whether it was really getting closer or not. At one time the only currents we could find were going too far to the west to make it. But soon after we again found one going toward it at a rate of perhaps three miles an hour.

When we got within two miles of the island we saw a little black spot moving out from a cove near the lighthouse. It came slowly toward us till we could see men bending at the oars. It was the first boat of any kind that we had seen in all that expanse of water. It came out about half way, evidently found it was too far to row, and put back to shore again.

It was getting dark fast now, so we decided quickly on a final plan of action. We still had plenty of ballast, but the meteorological situation did not seem to offer a chance of getting much distance, and if we passed this point of land, we might later have to fall back on some shore that would seriously cut down our distance. The island was a small one and we couldn't afford the chance of missing it by dropping from any appreciable altitude, so after finding the direction of the surface currents we maneuvered to a point just to windward of the island, about a hundred yards off shore. Then I passed the word to Andrus, who cut loose the drag rope, and we came on down till the rope end trailed in the water.

Presumably it was "all over but the shouting." Thus imagine our surprise when, instead of moving straight for the island, as we had expected, our rope turned right around and we began to move in exactly the opposite direction. Our last chance of making land had apparently gone. "Well, I thought, at least, there is no necessity of losing distance; standing still in a calm like this is the easiest trick we know, and we'll stick around here all night, rather than lose another yard or call for the help which would have disqualified us."

But we didn't have to wait more than half an hour when, as we thought, fortune turned once more in our favor. Our upper sounder had again come to the rescue and showed us a very definite current making straight for the mainland peninsula just east of the island. Over went a little ballast, then a pull at the valve to prevent going too high, and in thirty minutes more we were actually over solid ground. We landed satisfied, even joyful, for at least we had done our utmost under the conditions as we saw them.

As we found out later only three balloons had even attempted the passage of the Irish Sea. The other two had been becalmed the same as we had been. The

(Concluded on page 646)

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What Lloyd George Wants—(Concluded from page 621)

to resist the Lloyd George programme from the beginning, at every step of its progress, and until the end, or else confess that he has been outmanoeuvred and that France has been isolated. France, be it always remembered, regards itself as the completest embodiment of European traditions in politics and in culture, and traditions of that sort do not live long in isolation.

This is why France just now is following with absorbed attention every move on the world checker board. The Japanese side of the game does not particularly interest it, partly because there is already an alliance between Japan and Great Britain, and partly because of its belief that Japan, if it ever again goes to war, can do so only with tacit British approval. What interests France absorbingly is to see whether Mr. Lloyd George, whose political astuteness it has often realized to its cost, will succeed in bolstering up the tottering framework of the British Empire and restore British influence in Europe by entangling America in the British imperial game.

No one in France doubts but that, if such an alliance as is being worked for were actually achieved, Great Britain would profit the most from it, partly because it has the most at stake and consequently would work hardest to make the alliance a success, but also because Great Britain has both a continuous foreign policy and a world one, while the United States has neither. It should not be forgotten that in France, what goes on in American politics is always looked at in part through British eyes, just as what goes on politically in Great Britain is judged in part from its probable effect upon America. There is absorbing interest in France to see whether the United States will be beguiled by possible assurances about naval disarmament into rallying to the support of Great Britain in the continued struggle of that power for world supremacy. M. Briand will have French public opinion behind him in urging at Washington that naval disarmament, and not an alliance of naval bases, is the best guarantee of peace for the world.

A Matter of Luck—(Continued from page 623)

The elder man had strained every nerve in order to catch Iredale up, but accident had frustrated him. On going to the store at Pará, which had been hired for storing the expedition's specimens prior to shipment, he found that the things had undoubtedly been there within a day or two, but had now gone. Iredale, then, must have left for England, and he was too late.

Murdock hastened down to the docks in the desperate hope that Iredale's boat might not yet have started, and here again drew a blank. No one, either at the docks or the shipping offices knew anything of Iredale and, in spite of his reiterated assertion that it was a matter of life and death, he could not discover on what boat he had sailed.

At this point he thought of Mary. If only Iredale, in spite of the embargo, had gone to Nazar, Mary would be able to tell him the name of Iredale's boat. If only it carried wireless there was still a hope—a faint hope.

But the house at Nazar was empty save for the half-breed woman who had looked after Mary, and her husband, who had acted as cook. Murdock's face grayed as he learned that four days ago Iredale had come there and talked to his wife and that she had then packed up in a hurry, to go over the sea. He was given a note which Mary had scribbled on the eve of departure, and stood staring stupidly at her writing on the envelope.

So his jealousy had been justified after all and they had gone away together. Well, they carried death with them in their cabin—death from which only a chance so remote as to seem miraculous, could save them. Let them go—false wife and false friend—he would not lift a finger to save them. He would be revenged upon them, anyway.

Without knowing that he did so he must have torn open the envelope, for presently he found himself reading her note. But it took a second reading be-

fore the meaning of the words came to him in a searing flash.

Dearest Allan (he read). This is in case, by any chance, you get back from the expedition before I return. A few hours ago Harry Iredale staggered into the house, told me that he was to have taken the specimens to England, but that he was done and that it was now up to me. He just lasted long enough to give me instructions and then collapsed and was taken to the hospital. They don't think he will recover. Much as I hate leaving him in this condition, the only fair thing to him is to "carry on" as I promised and so. . . .

No vulgar elopement this, but a case of a man at the point of death safeguarding his comrade's interests. And now, owing to Iredale's very loyalty to that comrade's interests, Mary, the unwitting victim of his own treachery, was now sharing the cabin of some ship, whose name she had omitted to mention, with—death.

Later in the day, after another frantic but fruitless search among the shipping offices and down at the docks, he sought the hospital where Iredale had been taken and found him, not dead as he had feared, but delirious. For the next few days he sat almost continually at the sick man's bedside listening to his ravings and trying to get some clew to the name of Mary's ship. But when four days had passed without the delirious Iredale giving any clew, he despaired. The thing must have happened by now. Even if Iredale became conscious and even if the vessel carried wireless, it would be too late to save her.

That afternoon Iredale sank into a slumber so profound as to seem a stupor. Murdock, who had not slept for many nights, still sat at his post, brooding, his head sunk on his breast, and presently, insensibly, the unbearable tension relaxed and he, too, slept. And as he slept he had a dream so vivid as to seem a

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vision. He seemed to be in the cabin of a ship. It was night and a stream of moonlight came through the open port, shining upon the face of his wife as she lay in the lower berth. Her dark hair was tossed away from her face in a billowy mass on the pillow and one hand hung limply over the side of the bunk, still lightly clasping her rosary beads, which trailed to the ground. The moonlight moved like a pointing finger to a spot beneath the bunk. Murdock saw there a familiar zinc box and, gazing at it attentively, saw also, in detached dream horror, first one and then another thread-like shape squirm through its tiny air holes. The dreaded thing had happened; the female coral snake had given birth to young.

Watching in anguished fascination, he saw that one of the young snakes had reached the hanging rosary and was beginning to writhe upwards toward those white fingers. Up and up it moved in restless spirals and presently the fingers twitched. Instantaneously something happened, and Mary sat up with a cry, only to decide that she had been dreaming. Drowsily she groped upon the floor for her dropped rosary and, with the greatness of his effort to call aloud to her, Murdock awakened himself. His brow was bedewed with sweat and the thought that this had been but a dream brought no reassurance. The thing was fatally, inevitably true. With the calmness of despair he told himself that Mary was dead—dead by his hand as surely as if the instrument had been a knife instead of a tiny, living thread.

Now, though his last hope had gone, Murdock still kept vigil by the bedside and, during this vigil, a larger vision came to him, of a love surpassing the devastating love of women—of that fierce brotherhood of men who have braved death together, not once but many times; who have shared the terrible intimacy of travel in the death-strewn places of the

earth where life disgusts with its horrifying fecundity and death by reason of its unconquerable unseemliness. Well, Iredale had been true to this brotherhood, so subtly closer than that of blood and, if he died, he should never know that through his very loyalty to his comrade, the woman he loved had met her death. But if he lived, the tale of his own unthinkable treachery. . . .

Iredale did live. One day he opened his eyes and was hopelessly bewildered to see Murdock sitting there beside him.

"The name of Mary's ship?" he said in answer to Murdock's hopeless inquiry. "I don't know. There was difficulty in getting a passenger boat at this port to handle all that live stock of ours and Cordeira offered her a passage on one of his cargo boats from Braganca. But I don't really know what happened, because I went all to pieces just then."

He rested for a moment and then continued weakly:

"I lost some of the birds on the way here, Chief."

"But—the snakes—did Mary—?"

"Oh, that's all right. You can depend on Mary. I took pains to give her your exact instructions," said the sick man reassuringly.

Not noticing the silence, he continued:

"As I was telling you, I had a narrow squeak on the way. My canoe overturned on a sand-bank and everything went to the bottom. We got up most things, including the zinc boxes, next day but, of course, we lost a few birds and both snakes were drowned."

Murdock made a choked sound which Iredale, interpreting as a question, answered.

"Oh, I got others, of course. They're distressingly common, as you know. The only difference is that the new ones are both males. When you're in a hurry these things are a matter of luck and—"

But at this point Iredale saw that Murdock had fainted.

The Inside Story of the Gordon-Bennett Balloon Race—(Concluded from page 644)

St. Louis crew ran out of ballast, but put up a fine fight and were finally rescued by a steamer, which of course disqualified them. Captain Armbruster of Switzerland, by making a little more speed during the first night got further west than we did and won the race by reaching a little island off the Irish coast. The Akron crew in the third American balloon had taken a route along the southern coast of England, and by superior manipulation decisively beat Demuyter, who tried the same game.

A few days later we were seated at a table in a London restaurant with several British pilots and others interested in aeronautics. The following rather astonishing conversation took place between an official of the Royal Meteorological Office and myself:

He—Mr. Upson, although losing the race, you and Mr. Andrus have made a most valuable contribution to meteorological science.

I—I am sure you flatter us, for I don't even know what it is.

He—It has been a point of discussion for some time as to whether one wind can run into another one. You have proved that it can in a most practical way by having turned your course out of the influence of the Bay of Biscay cyclone, and into that of the cyclone now centered over Iceland.

I—The Iceland cyclone! We didn't even know it existed.

He—I am surprised you did not, for you were getting far enough north to have felt its effects.

That set me seriously thinking about that last little current, so much stronger than the rest, which had finally brought us to land. Was it possible that it was really the beginning of a new movement which, picking up speed as it went, would have carried us to Scotland and to victory? Not having actually tried it, the question is unanswered and must always remain so; but for me it has put into the race something of a tragedy—the tragedy of a lost opportunity which is gone beyond recall.

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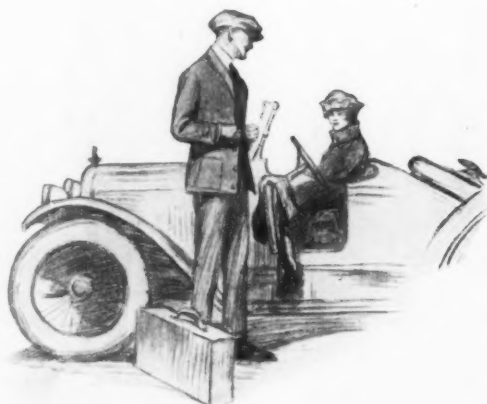
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